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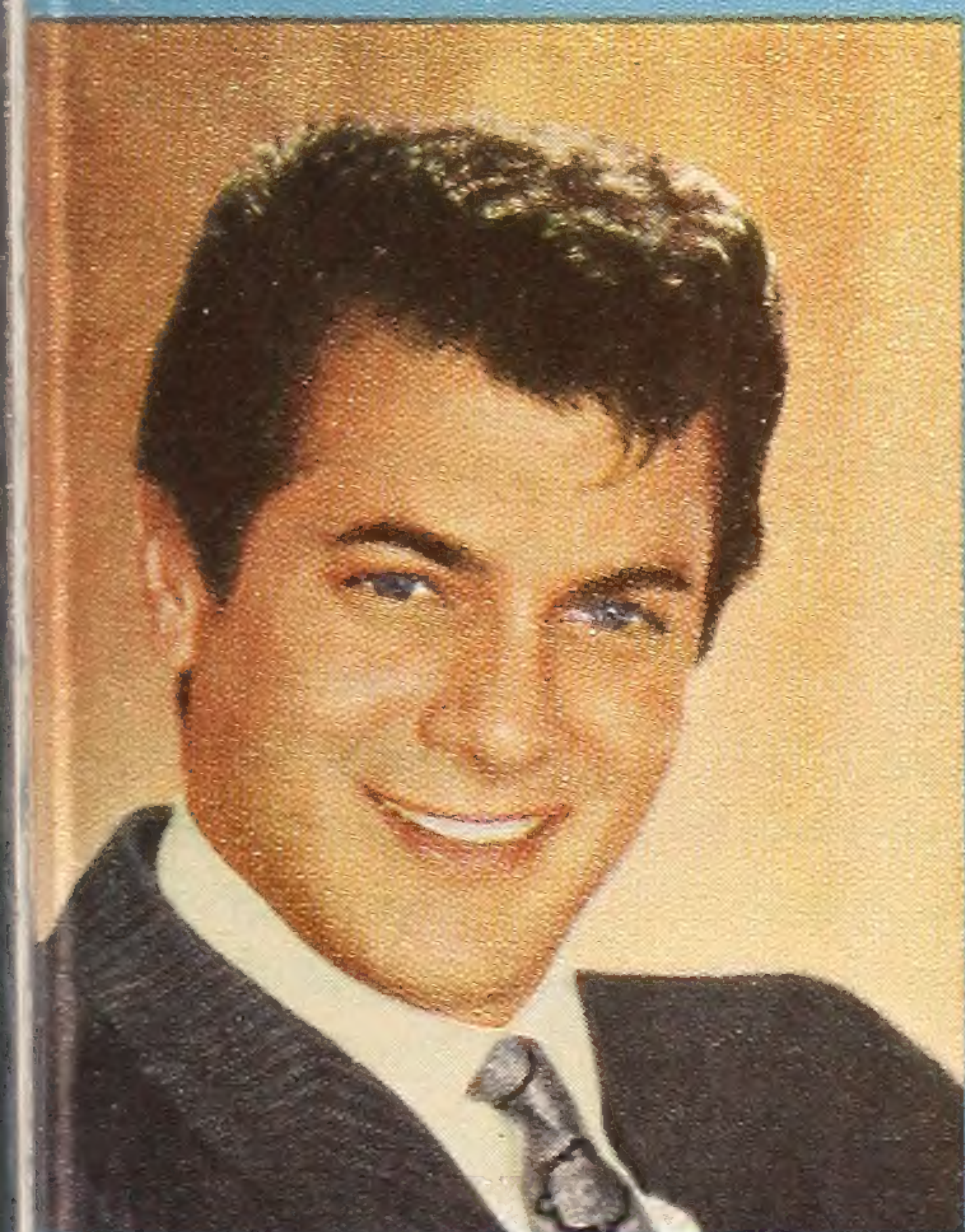
TV-LAND

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**Janita Ekberg says:
'm sick of sex!'**

**Neilah Graham's
Hollywood Lowdown!**

TONY CURTIS



**By JANET LEIGH: "I'm
married to three men"**

DEBBIE REYNOLDS



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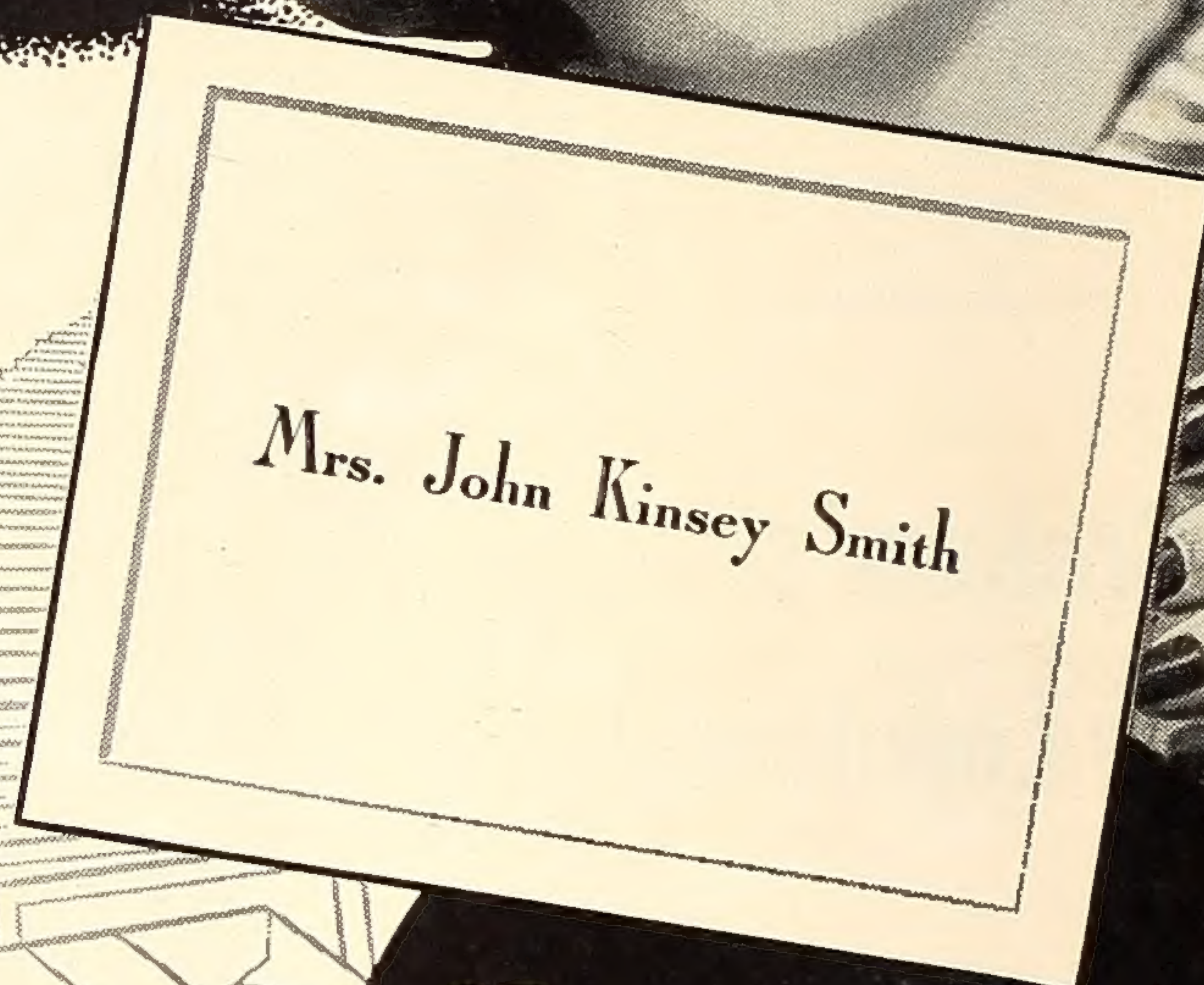
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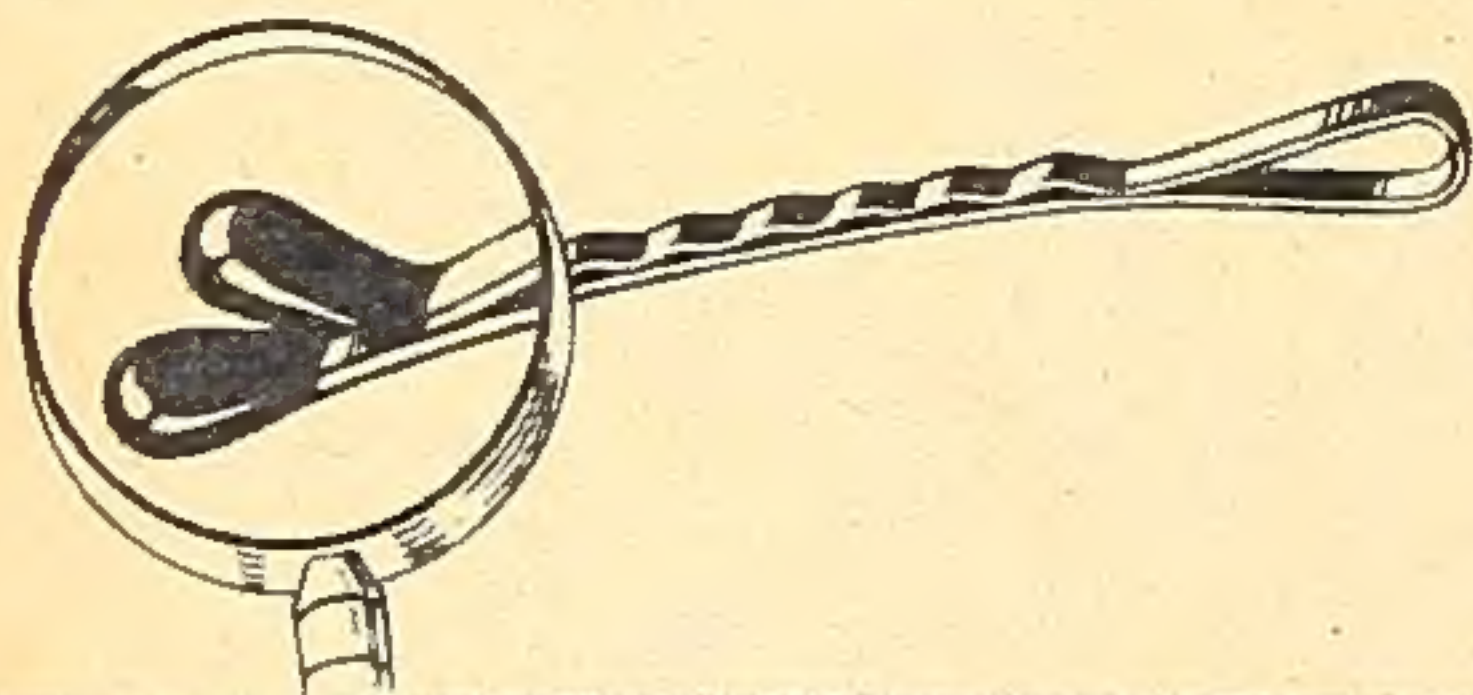
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May, 1957

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ON THE COVER: DEBBIE REYNOLDS, STARRING IN MGM'S "THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE," AND TONY CURTIS, STARRING IN UNITED ARTISTS' "THE SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS"

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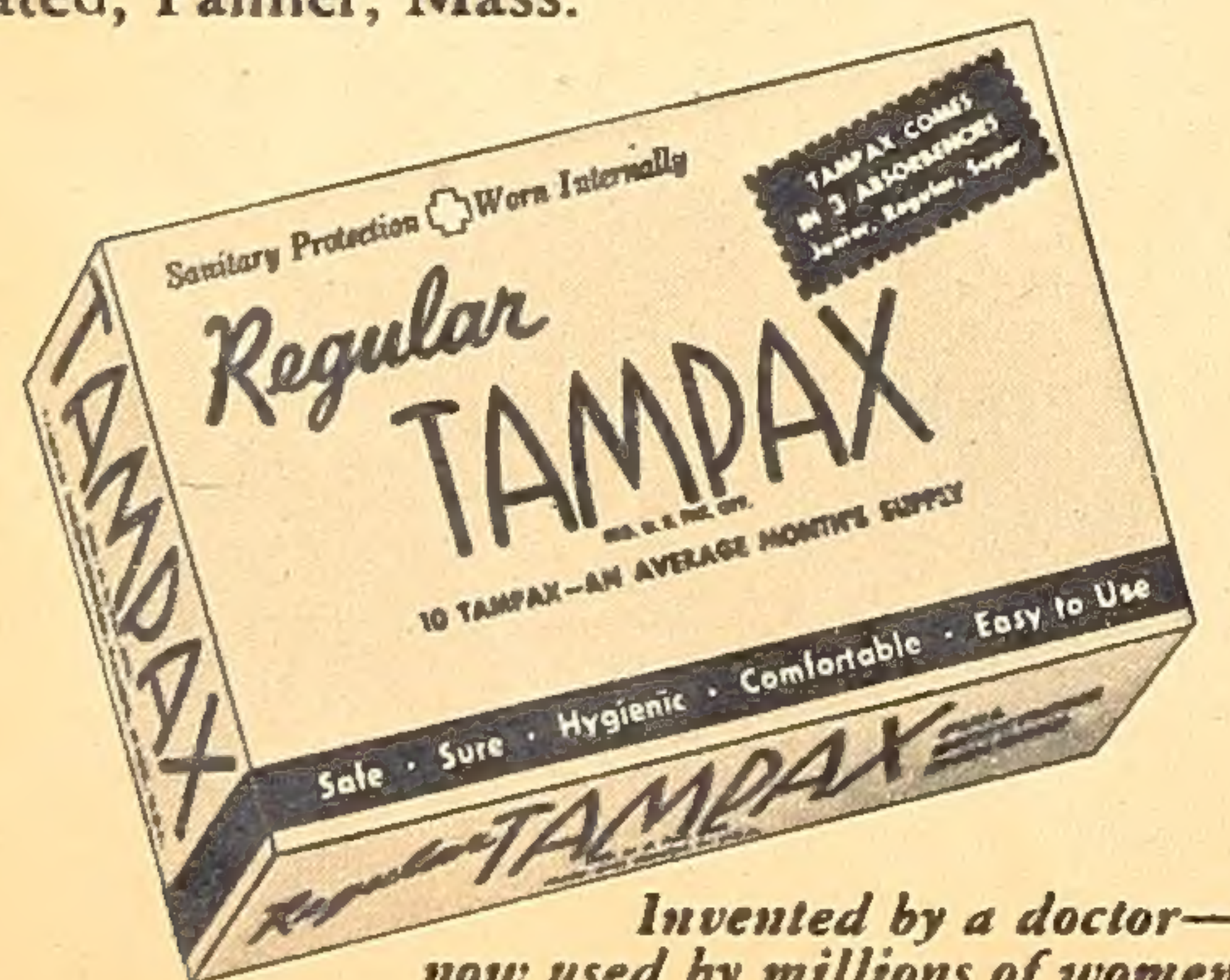


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Sheilah Graham's HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

- Bill Holden planning to forsake Hollywood
- Have Kim Novak and Mack Krim had it?



HELLO from Hollywood and cinema cities around the world... Ava Gardner doesn't know it but her husband before the last one, tootling Artie Shaw, has built himself a hideaway on a mountain top in Spain—not too far from where Ava dwells in what she inaptly titles, "The Witches' House." The seven-times-wed clarinetist left his mountain long enough to fly to London to state, "If I marry again it will be to some very mature person." Question number one, will a mature person marry him?... Good thing that neither Victor Mature nor Anita Ekberg were in London for the premiere of their "Zarak" sex-and-sander. The fashionable audience howled—at, not with, them. Vic can afford to smile however. He gets \$200,000 a picture and a percentage as high as 25%. . . . Luise Rainer, now retired, keeps her two Oscars in her ten-year-old daughter's bedroom, "To teach her to have more respect for mother." . . . And talking of retirement, the lady who wants it most for Elizabeth Taylor is her mother who is enchanted with the idea of Mike Todd for a son-in-law.

"Elizabeth has worked all her life. She deserves a rest from it all," says her ma.

We hear that Grace Kelly who, on January 23rd, gave birth to her first child, a daughter named Princess Caroline, has her heart set on a family of six. Which is all right with Prince Rainier. . . . Ditto for Marilyn Monroe. And that's all right too with husband Arthur Miller, who in between whiles, is writing a play for his favorite blonde. . . . To qualify for hard-to-get Swiss citizenship, Prince Aly Khan is building a palatial villa near Geneva. His marriage to model Bettina, will have less fanfare than the nuptials for Rita Hayworth. . . . With Deborah Kerr playing a nun in "Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison," co-star Robert Mitchum who impersonates a Marine, was not allowed any contact with Debbie in the picture. Even a handshake was eliminated after a conference with a representative from the Legion of Decency.

Gino Lollo-you-know-who is hoping the bambino, expected in the summer, will be a girl. Says they are less trouble than boys. Coming from Gina, this is

continued on page 8



SURPRISE duo, ZsaZsa Gabor and George Sanders give their autographs at a premiere.



SUSAN Hayward fusses with the flower in Johnny Green's lapel as they stop for chat.

Audrey's Hep!!!

She's letting
her hair down
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Audrey Hepburn

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Funny Face

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HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

continued

authentic. . . . It's not true that Humphrey Bogart was unaware that he was dying. His questions to his friends that visited him in the last two weeks of his life prove he knew the end was close. Which makes his courage even greater. Bogie's place on the screen can never be filled. . . . Unlike most movie celebrities Susan Hayward very quietly married her Washington lawyer admirer, Eaton Chalkley, on February 6th. And just as quietly left for a brief honeymoon in New Orleans. . . . No wonder Swedish Inger Stevens speaks English so well. She has been here since the age of 14 and her stepmother teaches English to foreigners. But it was news that the 22-year-old leading lady to Bing Crosby in "Man On Fire" has been married and divorced.

From a weary-of-waiting Monroe employee—"She doesn't have a watch, she has a sundial—and forgets to wind it up." . . . No one believes that Mike Wilding will marry Marie McDonald. But he certainly was a very good friend during her kidnapping predicament. However, his television show with Marie is off.

With Rod Steiger and Diana Dors both in Spain at the same time—he for a picture, she for a vacation—the rumors of a romance were rife again. But Dors was with Dennis Hamilton, so the story tellers were wrong again. Diana needs Dennis in the same way that Judy Garland is lost without Luft. Career girls often need a man to supply the push that keeps them at the top. . . . Mr. Steiger *re* the pursuit of the female by a successful actor: "Sometimes you get the feeling that you are something she is wearing like a fur coat, because you are fashionable this season." . . . The friend-



TO round out their happy home, Dr. Jim McNulty gifted Ann Blyth with three puppies.

liest of the divorced couples—Tyrone Power and Linda Christian. Ty visited the beautiful Linda all over the world—but not to see her—to see his two cute daughters. And it's so much easier to be friendly.

Love that ZsaZsa Gabor's sense of humor. When she was asked if she liked big families, she replied with a straight face, "But of course, all the Gabors like two or three husbands." But the three marrying sisters have only one child between them—ZsaZsa's Francesca, her daughter by multi-millionaire Conrad Hilton. . . . Which brings me to his son, Nicky, madly in love—as of this writing—with 18-year-old Natalie Wood. She's the first female he has wanted to marry since his divorce from Elizabeth Taylor.

Ingrid Bergman's visit to the United States was a prelude for longer visits to come. And this lends substance to some



BACK in Hollywood again, David Niven and his lovely wife are part of the social scene.

of the stories that all is not as well as it would seem, with her marriage to Rossellini. She told them in Paris that she wants to make that city her headquarters. What happened to the apartment in Rome? . . . Jayne Mansfield dates other males, but muscle man Mickey Hargitay is the lad she will marry when her divorce is final.

Now it can be told. Mrs. Clark Gable had several heart warnings before Clark knew what was the matter with his beautiful Kay. She tried to keep the minor attacks from him, but couldn't after collapsing one night when she was on location with him. She will take it easy for a long time to come. . . . Gary Cooper's daughter Maria is receiving offers for a movie career. She's very pretty and very charming. How could she miss? . . .

Anthony Quinn's prize-winning "La Strada" has caused him the most trouble. First, he had to sue to get his percentage. More recently he had a fight with the New York distributors who wanted to use another American voice for the American dubbing. Tony made this picture for peanuts because he liked the story. . . . Mac Krim has finally realized that Kim Novak meant what she said about concentrating on her career, with no room for marriage. But watch her drop everything when Mr. Right comes along. And I don't think his name is spelled Count Bandini either. . . .

Do you go along with Eva Marie Saint's recipe for losing weight? "Think Thin" she told me. She says it worked so well, now she has to *gain* weight. . . . Deborah Kerr is the only star we know who admits she does not do all of her own singing in movie musicals. She took the low notes and Marni Nixon took the high notes for "The King And I." And the result was terrific. "I don't believe in taking the credit where it isn't due." Debbie, one of the nicest ladies ever to come to our town, told me. . . . Joan Collins is less coy about accepting pres-



AN ELATED Ingrid Bergman and Kirk Douglas proudly pose with their N. Y. Critics Awards.

continued on page 68



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Coming Attractions

BY RAHNA MAUGHAN

The Little Hut

MARRIED to British tycoon Stewart Granger, Ava Gardner is suffering from a gross case of neglect. She has the most delectable collection of nighties, but as far as business-minded Granger is concerned she might as well be wearing Mother Hubbards. To goad her lackadaisical spouse into romping around the bedroom instead of a board room, she uses Granger's best friend, David Niven. This triangle becomes very sophisticated, very British, and very complex once they find themselves stranded on a desert island following the wreck of Granger's yacht. With a bow to Granger's ingenuity, all survive admirably. In fact, Niven thrives on watching Ava scamper about in leaves, or lace chemise. He goes berserk in an accepted Bond Street manner. With scarcely a twitch of the moustache, he demands Granger share Ava with him. Yoicks! And to hounds! Fortunately for Ava she has another joker up her sleeve—the young Italian chef who was also washed ashore. There's nothing like fighting mire with mire. An Eastman color comedy that fades noticeably whenever

Niven isn't on the screen. However, on occasion, it is fairly amusing and attractive to look at. (MGM.)

Funny Face

A MUSICAL light as souffle, and as colorful as a ribbon counter caught up by a breeze. This modern-day Cinderella story transforms Audrey Hepburn from an ungainly, intellectual disciple of empathy into an elegant model. The only reason Audrey allows herself to be discovered by fashion photographer Fred Astaire, is to provide a means of getting to Paris where she can study empathy first hand. Naturally, once arrived in France, she's a sensation of high couture. Between empathic bull sessions in a divey Parisian cellar and being photographed, she manages to fall completely in love with Astaire, and he finds her irresistible. Unfortunately, empathy almost wrecks this cozy duet. But coming to the rescue like Halley's comet spinning through all the heavenly Technicolor and dreamy photography is Kay Thompson, Astaire's boss. Gangly and with a face that has all the charm of a gargoyle, Kay is possibly the



KAY Thompson, Fred Astaire and Audrey Hepburn romp through breezy "Funny Face."

crispest comedienne nightclubs ever produced. Astaire, remarkable as ever, seems to have developed a new depth which adds still another dimension to his charm. And Audrey, as usual, is unbelievably excellent. She even makes something as phony as fashion photography come alive and exciting. The new tunes aren't the greatest in the world, but you're so wrapped up in watching the performers cavort through this, you wouldn't care if they used a comb and kazoo. (Paramount.)

Designing Woman

IT'S ironic that Dore Schary's last picture for MGM should be one of the most glittering, hilarious Metrocolor gems to careen in view for many a dreary day. With Gregory Peck as a sportswriter, and Lauren Bacall, as a very chi-chi dress designer, this marital romp starts generating sparks the moment the newlyweds arrive in New York. Neither one is prepared for the shock of how the other lived before they were wed. Each has an old love waiting. Peck has to tell TV star Dolores Gray that it's all over but the smoldering memories. Lauren has her career and some frightfully gay friends—theatre, you know. Around the time Lauren adds two and two together and gets a figure—Dolores'—Peck is ordered into hiding by editor Sam Levene. Not as protection from Lauren, but to keep him from being bumped off before he finishes his expose of a crooked fight promoter. Thinking he's out of town following the Giants, Lauren gets quite a jolt when she finds one of Peck's shoes, with him in it, in Dolores' apartment. There's an explanation—isn't there always—but much more smart dialogue must flow under the bridge before Lauren is convinced. More comedy from experts like Peck and Lauren is the adrenalin movies need. Everyone has a wonderful time, no problems, no realism, just slick, relaxing fun. (MGM.)

continued on page 65



DAVID Niven, Stewart Granger and Ava Gardner discuss their plight in "The Little Hut."



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Style No. 8681 — TWO PART PLAN for every occasion. A gently tailored suit in rich-tailored rayon and acetate verbero. The jacket, curved to a whittled waist. The skirt, a whirl of unpressed pleats. In gold, turquoise, powder blue or aqua.

Style No. 8682—DREAM OF A DUSTER to wear over everything you own. Front view: push-up sleeves, a face-flattering collar. Back interest: the flair of a young bow, a luxurious pleat in gold, turquoise, powder blue or aqua.

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HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

BY REBA AND BONNIE CHURCHILL

★ Natalie Wood giving them more to talk about

★ A new charmboy arrives from Germany



AND baby makes three. Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds present little Carrie Frances.

LOVE TOKEN—Elizabeth Taylor, who loves to unwrap beautiful presents, will find no Cellophane or bows on Mike Todd's newest gift. After all, how can you gift-wrap a yacht? It's amazing that Liz is still a boating enthusiast. It was while sailing with Todd that she slipped from a ladder and landed on her spine. It not only aggravated the crushed disk in her back, but led to her three-months hospitalization. In case you're wondering how Todd can be so lavish with his gifts, it's understandable. Just before his film, "Around The World In 80 Days," was released, he was offered \$10,000,000 for it. He turned it down, and is he glad! He'll make much more than that in profit from the film.

WHAT SHE WANTED—After Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher bought their new home they took inventory of their furniture. "We owned a chess set, two lamps, and an occasional chair," Deb told us. "We had to go shopping so we'd have something to move in." The English-style brick house is everything Debbie has ever wanted—two acres of property and a stream that gurgles

through the front yard. Should they ever need a golf ball or have to borrow some sheet music, they need only go to their nearest neighbors, the Dean Martins.

GETTING AROUND—Forgive the pun, but Barbara Rush is getting "the rush" from the stag line. She's been seeing socialite-realtor George Gregson, and 20th Century-Fox public relations exec Frank McCarthy. She attended the President's Inaugural Ball as the guest of McCarthy, who served in the Army under Ike and received a personal invitation. Barbara's screen life is coming along nicely too. Since her comedy debut in "Oh Men! Oh Women!" she's forsaking handkerchief roles to indulge in some comedy capers.

STILL GETS 'EM—Elvis Presley has all the gals at Paramount in a dither. When we stopped by the set, we noticed a stack of photos on his desk, all to be autographed for studio personnel. Elvis, incidentally, must have a good sense of humor. He okayed that scene in his new flicker where a bully comes up to his table and picks a fight. The dialogue

reads: "Drop that guitar and step outside. I'm just itchin' to make a fire-break in your sideburns!"

POWER OF A MAN—Maybe it is Nicky Hilton's influence, but Natalie Wood is going all-out for sophistication. She was the center of stares at a recent Hollywood party when she wore all black, except for a wide silver streak across the front of her hair.

THAT GIRL, JAYNE—Jayne Mansfield is about as easy to overlook as a rocket-launching. She really trails glamour wherever she goes. At a recent premiere, she showed up in a clinging white satin gown with a sequined tick-tack-toe scoreboard on the midriff. When we asked Jayne how to describe her dress, she giggled, "Just say it's partly satin and fur, but mostly flesh!" Mickey Hargitay was also on hand wearing, believe it or not, a matching ice cream suit.

FORSAKING ALL OTHERS?—Friends insist that Dick Egan will soon give up his bachelor status. Pat Hardy is THE girl. They explain he's dated her



SEXY Jayne Mansfield acts a bit coy when caught by photos on date with Bob Wagner.



RADIANT Mamie Van Doren only has eyes for her orchestra leader hubby, Ray Anthony.



WARM greeting is given to Ingrid Goude, Miss Sweden of 1956, by young Ben Cooper.



JULIE London holds back unruly lock as she chats with Scott Brady at dinner party.

longer than anyone else, she's attended several family dinners, and that it's the right time in his career for marriage. Dick is the serious type who always likes to take his time in making a decision. Looks like his mind is made up this time, for he recently bought a home and paid cash for it.

LITTLE CHARMER—If Tracy Granger, baby daughter of Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger, doesn't turn out to be an actress, it won't be because of lack of "contact." She was named after Spencer Tracy, and she has the Cary Grants, agent Bert Allenberg and his wife, and producer Sam Zimbalist as godparents.

DATE-DOINGS—Barbara Nichols and Michael Rennie are a steady twosome again. . . . Tab Hunter is dating Jan Chaney and phoning Etchika Choureau in Paris. Etchika and Tab first met when they co-starred in "Lafayette Escadrille." Now he's hoping to visit gay Paree.

STORK NEWS—Debbie Reynolds. Mrs. Vic Orsatti and Mrs. John Payne co-hosted a baby shower for Mrs. Rory Calhoun. After seeing some of the gifts, we can easily predict that the youngest Calhoun will be the best-dressed toddler in town.

SOME PICKINGS—Mamie Van Doren is planning to record the theme song from her new Warner film, "Untamed Youth." It's called "You'll Never Make A Cotton Picker Out Of Me." She should worry, with a new mink stole from hubby Ray Anthony.

NEW CHARMBOY—June Allyson, once dubbed Hollywood's most nervous hostess, has certainly graduated from that description. She was as cool as a mint julep when she invited 100 people to meet O. W. Fischer, her co-star in "My Man Godfrey." Fischer, Germany's foremost actor, certainly lived up to expectations. He is charming, amusing and so

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a MAN

a WOMAN

and the
TATTERED
DRESS
that almost
destroyed
their love!

What was
the secret of
the girl in the
TATTERED DRESS
— and why did
a whole town
fight to keep
it hidden?



The Tattered Dress

CINEMASCOPE

A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE STARRING

JEFF CHANDLER · JEANNE CRAIN
JACK CARSON · GAIL RUSSELL
ELAINE STEWART

★ GEORGE TOBIAS · EDWARD ANDREWS · PHILIP REED



DIRECTED BY JACK ARNOLD · WRITTEN BY GEORGE ZUCKERMAN · PRODUCED BY ALBERT ZUGSMITH

SEE IT SOON...FOR AN EXCITING NIGHT OUT AT YOUR MOVIE THEATRE

“I’m married to three



men

by Janet Leigh



"LIFE'S certainly never dull with Tony around," says Janet. "I keep watching him and wondering what new characteristic will appear next."

"There are three so completely different personalities in my husband, Tony Curtis, that sometimes I feel almost like a polygamist"

I'VE just begun to realize," said Janet Leigh, seriously, "that I am actually married to *three* men. For all I know, there'll be another one along shortly to make it a quartet and me a real polygamist!

"The Tony Curtis I see across the breakfast table these mornings is so different from the man I married. He has taken on such interesting new attributes and facets, and yet my original Tony is still there in bits and pieces. I certainly wouldn't want it otherwise. You marry a man because he has certain qualities which make him right for you. You want him to keep them. But it's been terribly interesting to see him adding new qualities so rapidly in the past year or two.

"My original Tony was filled with fire and gaiety and a host of enthusiasms. He was a fascinating playboy, a hobbyist, and in some ways he seemed utterly irresponsible with an incurable little-boy streak. All those definitions still fit him, I am thankful to say, except the last one. He no longer seems irresponsible. That is the big change which I have watched with loving amazement.

"And in addition to the playboy and hobbyist, I now find a serious businessman who is also a dedicated family man and 'head of the house.'

"I don't know exactly when I started to notice these changes in him. Perhaps when we lost our first baby and he was so far away in Hawaii and I was here. He was so wonderfully understanding then. He was as disappointed as I was, of course, but his thoughts seemed to be all for me. That gave me a new insight, and a very comforting one, on Tony and I think it all contributed to the new husband I am discovering now.

"Of course, Tony has always had his serious side. He has worried about his parents and his young brother. He remembers the poverty and privations of his youth. But that is also one reason why he has been so . . . what shall we say? . . . light-hearted about responsibilities. When good luck came to him it was so very good that he couldn't

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JANET LEIGH continued

"You don't want the man you marry to change but it's interesting to see him adding new qualities"



"IN ADDITION to the playboy and hobbyist, Tony's become a serious and astute business man," says Janet. "And I'm so proud."



take it very seriously. I think that for a long time he really didn't believe it. That was one reason why he was so impulsive and extravagant. But he has changed in so many ways.

"For instance, one thing that used to trouble me about Tony was that he could never learn to say no to anything. Somehow he didn't quite dare. Little things, like dinner invitations, or big things, such as offers to play in important films.

"**N**OW, here's where I was wrong, because I tried to change him. I tried to tell him that he got us and himself into embarrassing positions and I talked about 'moral responsibilities when you give your word' and things like that. I shouldn't have. He had to discover for himself that it is easier to be embarrassed for a moment or two when the matter comes up than it is to pay the penalty of hurt feelings (other people's) when you change your mind or break a promise later on.

"I couldn't do *that* for Tony. He had to mature that way, all by himself.

"About a year ago, I think it was, I was simply delighted to hear Tony actually decline a dinner invitation on the phone, and without even consulting me!

"And right after that, he actually turned down a part in a picture, referring the director to his agents for reasons and terms and future plans.

"Perhaps this all sounds trivial to you, these reactions of a man who had already reached a considerable stature in his profession. But to me it was a major step up for Tony. He was becoming a person in his own right. He was beginning to feel secure and to trust his own judgment at last. He wasn't going to be the easy-going 'yes-boy' any more. I was so relieved about him!

"Another thing happened just about then which I knew was



BEFORE starting work on "Badge Of Evil," her first picture since daughter Kelly was born last June, Janet goes on a shopping spree.



"TONY'S always had his serious side but it is only lately that he's assuming responsibilities," says Janet, ogling bridal finery in store.

good. Tony has always hated to return phone calls. Something, some sense of independence in him, resented the fact that someone could leave a call for him and that he was somehow 'obliged' to return it. There seemed to him to be some sort of subservience in that, as if he *had* to return it.

"I learned that I must not needle him about it, no matter how worried I might be. I must not say, 'Darling, So-and-so called and you just *must* return it.' That only irritated him the more. I learned that, no matter how important it seemed to me, I must just tell him about it or leave the message on his desk and let him work it out himself.

"I think that Tony finally discovered, with no help from me, that it was a lot less trouble for *him* if he would just consider whether or not it was necessary to return the calls and then do whatever needed to be done about it. Mostly he returns them. And that was a good step, too.

AND along about then we learned what to do about arguments. We had them, of course. Every normal married couple has them, inevitably. Well, we used to argue heatedly and then make up with lots of affection and then find out next day that we really hadn't settled anything at all!

"So we finally resolved that we would really talk things out, try to find out *what* we were arguing about, then sleep on the problem and discuss it again. You know, we discovered that most arguments start because you have a difference in just plain *definition* . . . you actually discover, if you try hard

enough, that you have been talking about two different things! At least, that's what Tony and I found out about the majority of our arguments.

"After you discover that, of course, the first thing you do is have a good laugh, which is healthy. 'Well, was *that* what all the fuss was about?' you jibe at one another. And then suddenly everything is clarified. You may still differ a little bit but you know why, and then it doesn't seem to matter very much any more.

"Then," Janet paused and considered, deeply, "I think that Tony's work on 'Trapeze' had a lot to do with his new maturity. Not only his work on that picture but what happened to him during the time we had together in Europe, the fact that I found that I was pregnant with Kelly while we were over there . . . oh, lots of things. So many influences.

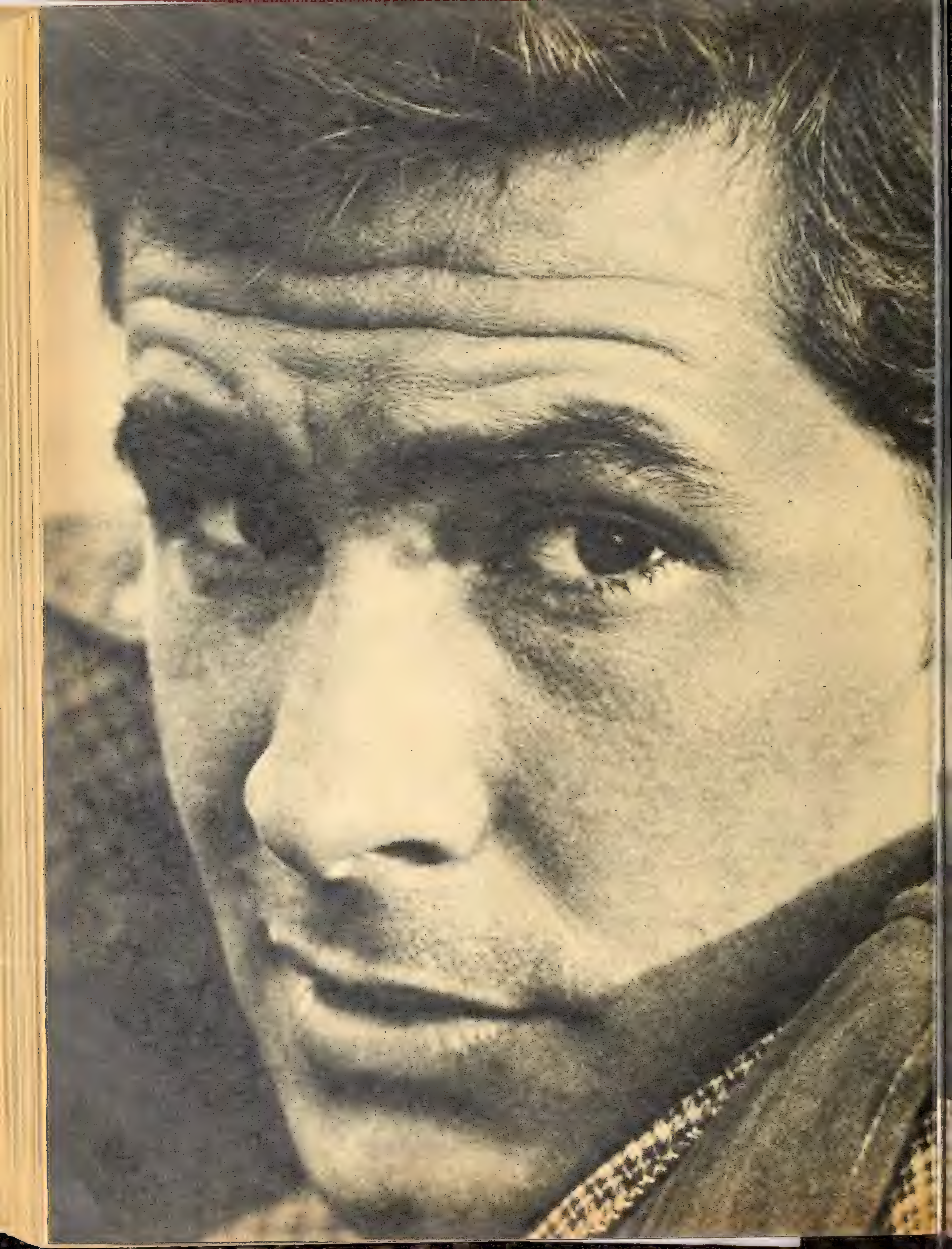
"You see, because of the deal he made for 'Trapeze,' Tony realized that he was really a businessman and an astute one. He knew he had done well with those new responsibilities and he was pleased.

"Then, because of his work in 'Trapeze,' pitted against such fine experienced people, Tony began to know that he had really arrived as an actor and an artist.

"And of course there were the many meetings abroad with cultured people who liked and admired him, stimulated him.

"Tony began to realize that he *had something to offer*. I doubt that he had ever really realized that before. He had always wanted to learn from other people, he had been humble

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The Perils of Perkins

By REBA AND BONNIE CHURCHILL

TONY PERKINS' first year in Hollywood reads like an installment from Dick Tracy. It's not that he courts adventure, but that circumstances have a way of turning his well-ordered plans into chaos. For instance, the evening he took Gary Cooper's daughter, Maria, to an award-winning industry party. Tony spent 20 minutes signing autographs with one hand, and using the other to escort Maria through the crowd to his rented car—which somehow got lost.

Or, the time he'd spent weeks performing trick horseback riding shots for his new Western, only to have a group of visiting beauty queens watch him canter up a hill, and twice get thrown by the horse.

Truly, Perkins' year in Hollywood has been the most unsettled he's ever lived through. Partially, it was caused by his rocket-ride to stardom. But, also, due to his dogged efforts not to let success impose too many barriers.

Glance over the past 12 months, and it's easy to see Perkins is winning this latter battle. Who, but Tony, would admit, "I prefer to vacation in Cape Cod because it's as far as I can get from Hollywood on the North American continent."

Or, "I'd rather take a girl to a movie or play miniature golf than dance. Dancing makes me stutter."

Or, "I like tuna and cheese for breakfast. Chinese food for dinner, and chocolate any time. Except chocolates make my face break out."

It's easy to see why Hollywood has made an impression on him, and why he's leaving his mark on film town.

Things started off with an electric charge. His year began with a trip to Hollywood to launch his new Paramount contract. Although it was well planned, it was about as peaceful as a live wire. The night he was to leave for the Coast, he starred in a TV drama.

"I had only a matter of minutes from the time it went off the air to make my plane," Tony explained. "While everyone was saying good-by and good luck, I ducked out of the TV studio, got a ride to the airport, and caught the plane just as they were closing the door."

In the intervening 12 months, Tony has made so many of these hurried cross-country flights that, as he said, "You'd think the sheriff at either coast was hot on my heels."

In contrast to his New York departure, his arrival in Hollywood was

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Trouble snared Tony the day he arrived in Hollywood and zany things have been happening to him ever since

His year in Hollywood has been the most unsettled he's ever lived through but the most rewarding

as thrilling as a cold fried egg. "I swear I didn't have a friend here," he told us when we met for lunch.

He thoughtfully played with the straws of his malted milk as he relived the arrival. When we walked into Paramount's Administration Building, a studio policeman spotted Tony, who looked even younger than his 24 years in his tie-less shirt and levis. "I keep telling the gateman to send you kids to casting," the officer sighed. "It's three doors down the street."

"But, I'm Tony Per. . ."

"Don't tell me, son," interrupted the policeman, "tell the casting director."

"But I was brought here from New York for a rather large part," Tony tried to explain. "I didn't want to say *starring* role, for that'd sound rather fatuous."

"Three doors down," the guard insisted, pointing the direction with his hand.

THERE'S one thing about Tony: he may seem quiet and introspective, but he's as unpredictable as atomic fall-out. Tony simply shrugged and followed the direction.

"I went to casting and joined a group of Chinese extras who were waiting for interviews. We looked more like we were lined up for a mass inoculation. I expected someone to grab my hand and stamp it."

In the line of Orientals, six-foot-two Perkins was as easy to overlook as a pit in an olive.

"Hey, hat rack," called the man at the desk, "are you lost?"

"Those were the friendliest words I'd heard," Tony said.

A few explanations and he was inside the studio. Here, things were different. The executives had seen his tests from "The Friendly Persuasion," had viewed him on TV, and had heard his recordings.

Everyone seemed glad to see him, especially Jerry Lewis. For weeks the grapevine had it that Elvis Presley was going to do a Western on the lot for producer Hal Wallis. At that time, they'd heard more about Elvis than seen him.

This day, Jerry leaned out of his dressing room window and spied a tall, thin boy walking down the street. It was Tony still dressed in jeans, with wind-blown brown hair, and a shuffle in his walk.

"Hey," called Jerry, "you won't look too bad on a horse."

Since Perkins was also slated to do a Western, "The Lonely Man," he slipped naturally into the conversation.

They talked—Jerry mentioning guitars and records—and Tony, unaware of the mistake, answering. After all, Tony was an authority, plays several instruments and has made records.

It was only when Lewis mentioned gyrating hips that Perkins drew a blank. Then, the dawn. "You're not Elvis!" the comic shouted and disappeared from the window.

Later that day, Tony was assigned the star dressing room next door to Bill Holden's and across from Jerry's, so he and Lewis were properly introduced and had a good laugh.

By mid-February it was apparent to everyone that the newcomer was going to be hard to overlook. He enjoyed doing "what comes natchlerly." When he wanted to catch up on his correspondence to his mother in New York, he hauled out a typewriter on the curb in front of his dressing room, sat down in the warm sunshine, and pecked out a letter. When he was tired of wearing cowboy boots all day, he went barefoot. And, in March, when he had a recording session coming up, he rehearsed his songs at every opportunity.



"You have a very good voice," we remarked during lunch.

"Have you heard my recordings?" Perkins looked up in disbelief. "Aren't they terrible? I've made some more, but they're real work. I can sing in the photo gallery, at a party, or walking along the street, but, stand me before a microphone in a recording studio, and that's something else again. When the man in the control room says, 'Let's make it a take,' I'm destroyed. But I try to take singing lessons whenever I can."

IT was only logical that the studio would recognize his talents and assign him to a quartet of their biggest pictures. This was quite a switch from early March when he was unknown and used to sit in the lobby of his hotel just to have people around him, to April, when his schedule was filled with fun, fascinating people, and off-beat happenings.

For, whether or not Tony wanted it, he was getting the star treatment. When he mentioned that he liked to relax by playing the piano, the studio moved Crosby's 88 into his dressing room. And, when he said nothing tasted better than



RELAXING on the set of "The Tin Star," his fourth picture in one year.

◀ **SERIOUS** about his work, Tony talks over the film with co-star Henry Fonda.

PRACTICING some fancy gun handling ▶ for his portrayal of the inept young sheriff.



sliced chicken wedged between a grilled cheese sandwich, they promptly placed it on the Paramount menu, advertised as a "Perkins Special."

Being that rare Hollywood species, a bachelor, he found party invitations as regular as the morning milk. He also discovered Gary Cooper's daughter, Maria, was one of the nicest girls he'd ever met. Gary introduced them and their first dinner date was a threesome, Maria, Tony, and Coop.

One thing Perkins soon learned, in Hollywood your date life was limited if you didn't have a car. He decided to do something about it.

"At first, I was content to hitch-hike," he grinned. "I met so many interesting people. One morning," he recalled, "Rock Hudson picked me up on his way to work. We didn't talk at first. Then he asked where I was headed. 'To Paramount. I'm a stand-in for that new actor, Tony Perkins.'"

Tony paused, tilted back in his chair until his hands touched the floor. "Might as well get a little public interest going, don't you think?" P. S. Rock saw right through the ruse.

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TONY'S also in demand for parties but he'd rather take a girl to a movie or play miniature golf. "Dancing makes me stutter," he says.

It was in May that he settled down to the business of learning to drive. "I borrowed Elaine Aiken's car. I drove the convertible around the executive's building what seemed like 43,000 times. Once I mastered the steering, I asked some carpenters to move two portable dressing rooms a specified distance apart. Then, I practiced backing up and parking."

The day arrived for his driver's license test. He'd spent the morning at Wrigley Field practicing baseball for his role as Jim Piersall in "Fear Strikes Out." That afternoon when he went to the Motor Vehicle Dept., he was accompanied by two baseball coaches, a studio driver, and a wardrobe man.

"They proved to be great friends. On the way there, the wardrobe man quizzed me from the rule book, the driver arranged for me to rent a car, and after the test, the coaches were the ramrods for a celebration party."

Tony, who can get depressed at the snap of the fingers, was in good spirits. He got his license, he was slated to start "Fear Strikes Out" in a few weeks, *and* he had tickets to see the Broadway hit, "My Fair Lady."

"I spent the first of June in New York. I said it was a week's vacation, but the prime reason was to see 'Fair Lady.'

My apartment was as I'd left it. Looked like the Apaches had just run through."

That week was filled with Chinese dinners, walks in Central Park, and going to the theatre.

Perkins' bachelor quarters in Hollywood are much more confining. "There's room for a hot plate, a food blender, and me," he grinned.

LIKE most unmarrieds, Tony eats out a lot. Yet he always fixes his own breakfast. "First, I drop three eggs into the blender, then a can of tuna and several slices of Old English cheese. Beat it thoroughly, and then slap it into a hot skillet. That's living!"

"That's living?" we repeated.

"You seem skeptical. Why is it everyone always raises an eyebrow when I volunteer my recipe?"

We let the question ride, and continued, "You say your apartment consists of one room?"

"Okay, change the subject," he smiled. "Yes, it's small, but it has a terrace—just big enough for a chair for sunbathing."

The latter is an important item to Tony. "As long as I keep

Tony's future seems assured

a tan I never have to wear movie make-up. On cloudy days, I keep my tan by thinking, 'See here, if you lose it, you'll have to get up an hour earlier to report to make-up.'

"I do have interesting neighbors," Perkins pointed out, "but I only see them at a distance. Sometimes it gets a bit lonesome, being up early every morning, spending all day at the studio, and in bed by ten."

Of course, this schedule didn't hold true every night. There were those fun dates with co-star Norma Moore when they went on the rides at Ocean Park Amusement Pier, and the evening he stopped by to meet Shirley Booth and returned on cloud nine, since he was her selection to appear with her in "The Matchmaker."

There was also that July morning when a publicist called to him from the second floor of the studio press building. "You made the cover of 'Life'. Like to see the results?"

"I thought he was kidding. I was scared, but not too petrified to take the stairs three at a time."

Still another exciting moment for Tony was the glitter and glamour of his first Hollywood premiere. "I went stag and sat in the bleachers," he told us. "After I'd watched the stars go in, I got up and went in myself."

His second premiere, in August, was more dramatic. He escorted Norma Moore, and the minute he got out of the car, the fans screamed his name.

In September, he was beginning to feel the strain of nine months of continuous work. His strenuous mental breakdown scenes in "Fear Strikes Out," were beginning to tell. His temperature went up to 104, while his voice gave out. As a result, he became a patient at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital.

"October was another hard month. As soon as they'd let me out of the hospital, I went to Vermont to recuperate.

"I'd been there only a few days when my mother was injured in an automobile accident. Ironically, it'd happened

TALL, broad-shouldered Tony is well-bred and genuinely friendly, and has a sense of humor that pops out on the slightest provocation.



ROMANCES? Tony's been too busy for any serious attachments, but frequently dates Elaine Aiken, Norma Moore and Maria Cooper.

on her birthday, and I had just ordered some roses for her."

A hurried trip to upstate New York found Mrs. Perkins improved and ready to be discharged from the hospital.

November and early December found Tony back in Hollywood starring with Henry Fonda in "The Tin Star," attending a holiday party at the Gary Coopers, and getting his medical shots for his first European location trip for "The Sea Wall."

"I got all my shots in one day which really rocked me. I'll never know how I had sense enough left to select a hi-fi set for my mother's Christmas present. I must have done okay. She seemed to like it when I gave it to her.

"I'd planed to New York in time for the holidays. I don't know why, but New Year's Eve always depresses me. I think I haven't done enough in the past 12 months."

"Surely, you couldn't say that about your first year in Hollywood," we corrected.

"No," he smiled, "I couldn't. I only hope I have the same things to look forward to this year as I did last. Then," he winked, "maybe I'll realize two other ambitions."

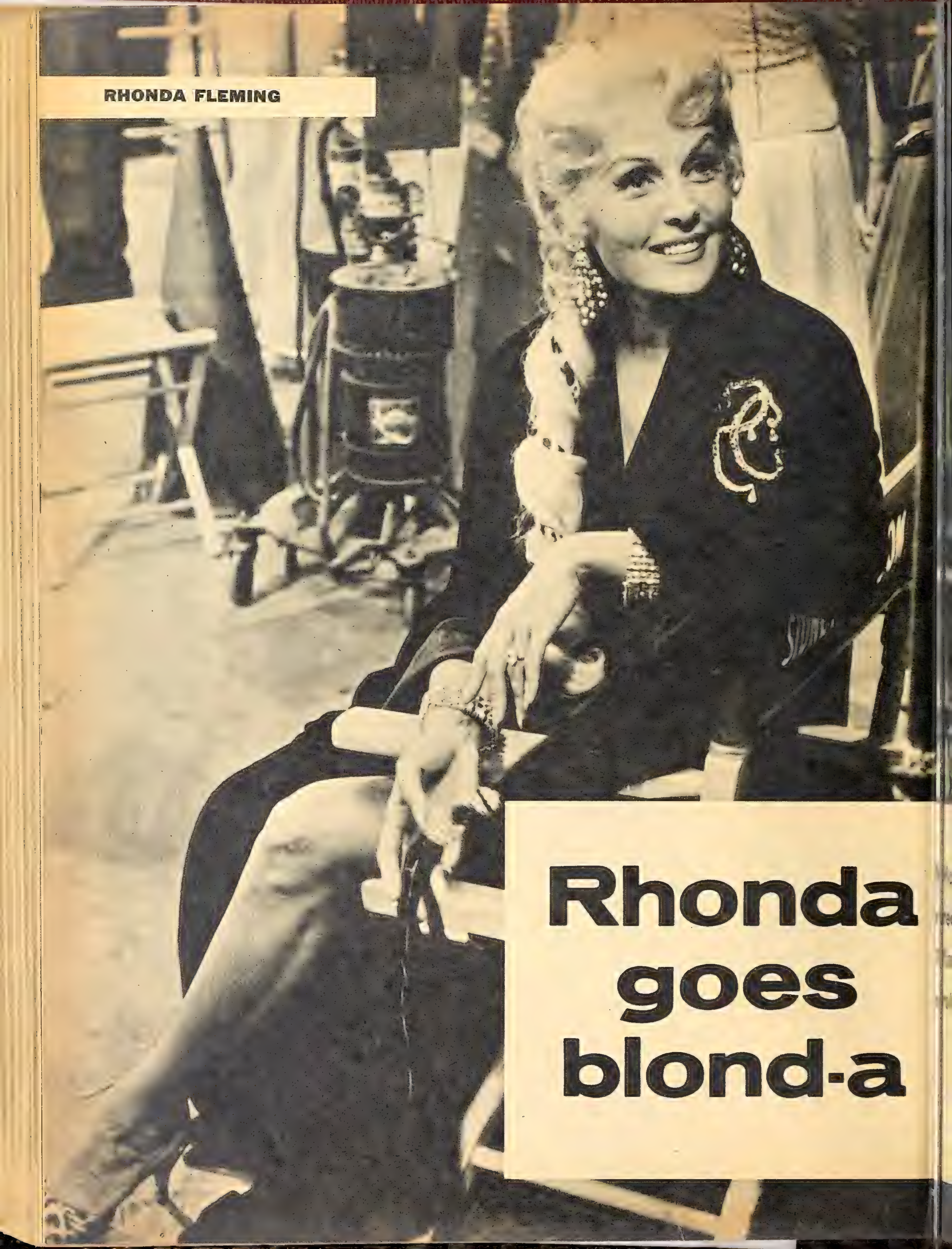
"What are they?" we inquired.

"To sock enough money into the bank, so I'll only have to make two pictures a year. And to spend a month doing nothing but sleeping late."

These are nice daydreams for the future, but for '57 the pattern for Perkins' life is pretty well shaped. He's slated to star in three films, rent his first bachelor home, and, who knows, maybe find his first serious romance.

END



A black and white photograph of actress Rhonda Fleming. She is seated in a director's chair on what appears to be a film set. She is wearing a dark, possibly velvet, dress with a large, ornate brooch on the left side of her chest. Her hair is blonde and styled in a voluminous, wavy fashion. She is smiling and looking towards the camera. In the background, there are various pieces of equipment, including a large camera on a dolly and some scaffolding. The lighting is bright, typical of a studio environment.

RHONDA FLEMING

**Rhonda
goes
blond-a**



KEEPING an eye on the filming of his life is Buster Keaton himself.

**Hollywood's most gorgeous
redhead becomes the screen's most
flamboyant blonde for her
role of an old-time movie queen**

AS the star of a 1920 film, white queen Rhonda rules the jungle in a sequined leopard sheath.

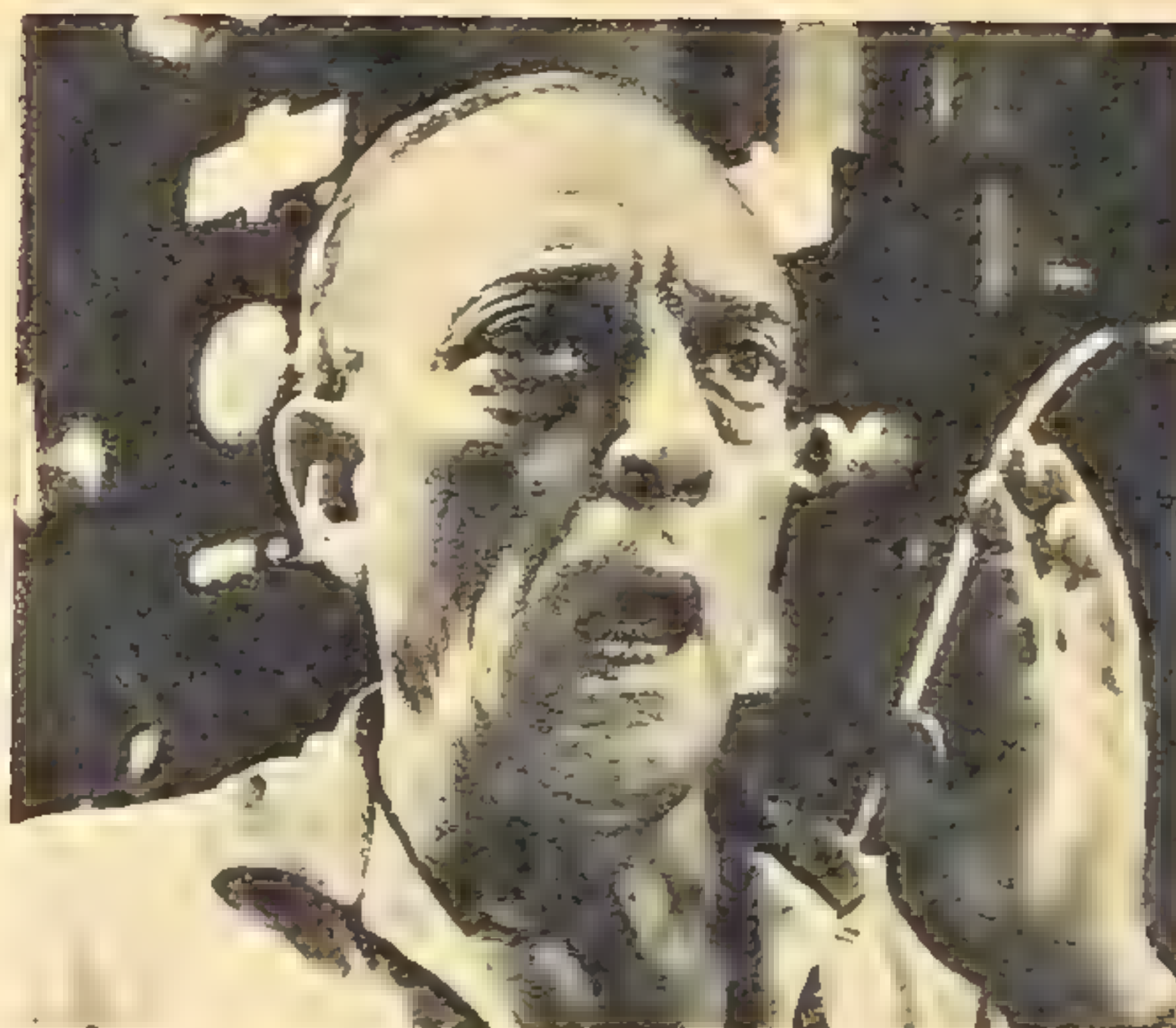


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photos by Bill Avery

RHONDA FLEMING continued

"NO, NO!" Not that way," shouts Buster, acting as adviser on film.



As the seductive film star in "The Buster Keaton Story," Rhonda shows why gentlemen in Dad's time preferred blondes

RHONDA'S tresses get a quick once-over by studio hairdresser during a quiet moment on set.



TIME OUT for repairs by make-up expert Frank Westmore. As a glamorous star of the 1920's, Rhonda sports many alluring costumes.

BETWEEN scenes Rhonda rehearses dialogue for director Sidney Sheldon, then stokes up on some refreshments before facing cameras.



END



◀ **CRITICISM** from the press, church and civic leaders bewilders and hurts Elvis Presley.

LONELY, restless and robbed of any personal life, the teenagers' idol is singing the blues. ▶

The Ordeal of Elvis Presley

**Victimized by both
savage criticism and
savage adulation,
Elvis is finding the price
of fame comes high**

By HELEN HENDRIX

ELVIS PRESLEY got up from the chair where he was slouching on his spine and began pacing around his dressing room at Paramount in his characteristic loose shuffle. His maroon silk shirt, opened almost to the waist, strained across his broad shoulders as he turned nervously to this reporter.

"Ma'am," he said, "when I was goin' to Humes High in Memphis I was a nobody, a small-town kid in a big city, without a dime in my pocket, not too good in my classes, kind of shy . . . All the other boys wore GI haircuts. I decided to grow sideburns and wear my hair in a ducktail. I wanted to look older, to be different." Elvis smiled at the recollection. "I guess mostly I wanted to be noticed. My hair, the black shirt and trousers I wore did it. But don't think I didn't take a lot of kiddin' from my friends. But I stuck with it. I guess I always knowed if you want to stand out in a crowd, you gotta be diff'rent."

This is the typical philosophy of a nonconformist and rebel—a declaration of independence against his poverty-filled environment against his parents, his teachers and friends who considered him an "odd-ball." But it paid off. His impoverished state filled Elvis with a drive and an overwhelming ambition. He didn't just sit and dream of clothes, Cadillacs and money; he was willing to work hard for them. And because he was, he is fearful of anything that

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"I've taken my share of ridicule, lies and



"I'M SINGING the kind of songs that I think the kids want. And they're buying 'em, aren't they?" says Elvis in reply to his critics.

means change—anything that may plunge him back into poverty and anonymity again.

To the suggestion that he learn other kinds of songs, that he needs more training, Elvis says, "I'm singing the kind of songs that I think the kids want. They're buyin' 'em, aren't they? People think all I can do is belt. I used to sing nothing but ballads before I went professional. I love ballads. I love to sing slow, but seldom get to do it. That's why I enjoyed singing 'Love Me Tender.' But if I sang only soft sweet songs I think my sales would fall off. There's no law that says a singer has to stick to one kind of song his whole life. I think I'll be singing rock 'n' roll for a long, long time, but I also hope that I'll be singing other styles, too.

"I don't have the whole say about what I sing. I hope, for instance, that it won't be too long before they let me cut some hymns and spirituals. But when I do it, I bet there will be some who'll say I'm just singin' those songs to make believe I'm religious or to win over people who've been sayin' all those mean things about me. But I'm not about to change my singin' style. I just couldn't." Elvis stared off moodily into space, then focussed his attention on his white loafers, with black and white sketches of Elvis and his guitar inset over the toes.

"Mind if I take off my shoes, Ma'am?" he asked. I didn't.



slander," says embittered Elvis

"I'm tired. Dog tired. Somethin' to do every minute. Been rehearsing the songs I'm goin' to sing for my new picture, 'Loving You.' Working on some new songs I'm going to record. I been workin' without a break for a long, long time. My mom says iffen I don't rest I won't live to see 30. But how can I rest when there is so much to do? Sometimes I git so tuckered out, I can't even force myself to smile."

Elvis' face these days has an indoor pallor and fatigue clouds his deep-set blue eyes. It's obvious that he has been running hard and running fast this last year. This is his big time. Every minute is spent forwarding his fantastic career.

"Do you agree with the statement that you haven't advanced much this last year?" I asked the rock 'n' roll king.

"I never pretended I knew a note of music," Elvis said, a note of irritation creeping into his voice. "Some people have warned me not to learn any. They say if I ever learn how to sing good, I'll be out of business. I never had any music lessons; I play a little piano by ear. But I've been listening to records for a long time. That's how I taught myself to sing. When I made my first record I listened to it and thought, 'I'm terrible!' I wanted to cry. My gittar sounded like someone beatin' on a bucket lid or somethin'. But I kept trying."

And Elvis succeeded beyond his wildest hopes. In doing so,
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"WHAT GETS me sore is the way they try to smear the kids who go for my stuff as delinquents. What's wrong with grown-ups today?"



"SOMETIMES I git plumb tired of the pawin', screamin', and clothes tearin'."

PIER ANGELI:

Wine, Women and Longing

**Pier's latest picture is a
highly romantic story set in
the colorful vineyard
country of Southern France**

photos by Zinn Arthur



DIRECTOR Jeffrey Hayden (Eva Marie Saint's husband) gets Pier Angeli in the mood for a love scene in "The Vintage."

CO-STARRING with Pier is Mel Ferrer who's also getting instructions from Director Hayden.





EXCITEMENT of vintage time when happy-go-lucky itinerant workers arrive to harvest the grapes is reflected in face of farm girl Pier.

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PIER ANGELI continued

**In one of her strongest roles,
Pier portrays a teenager in love
with a man 20 years older**



TENSENESS during shooting of emotion-packed film is relieved at lunch time when Mel is presented with huge cake on his birthday.

RUGGED terrain of the French location site is tough on Pier who plays her role barefooted, but she seems more concerned over other things.





UNSPOILED and naïve, 17-year-old Pier has a hard time capturing Mel in this dramatic story of young love vs. mature responsibility. **END**

What's In A Name?

By JIM COOPER

Australia's gift to films has gone from Jeanette Elphick to Victoria Shaw to Mrs. Smith in just two years



CHECK MATE! Hubby Roger Smith appears to have the upper hand at fireside chess.

THAT Victoria Shaw, Australia's and possibly heaven's most recent gift to Hollywood, is not often required to sign her square handle to autograph albums probably is just as well. For Miss Shaw's handle is Jeanette Ann Lavina Mary Elizabeth Elphick, which can take a lot out of a girl's wrist. On the other hand, an even squarer handle than that is Victoria Smith, due to an affair of marriage last July to a Mr. Roger Smith, a young actor on the lot of Columbia Pictures. But since we are dealing with introductory matters here, it would perhaps be best to stick to Victoria Shaw, the 21-year-old Sydney beauty who set up such a commotion in "The Eddy Duchin Story."

There's a fair amount to say about Miss Shaw, some of it confusing. She is, for example, one of those girls who looks like everyone and like no one, not even herself. It's a photogenically elusive quality shared by at least Audrey Hepburn, and conceivably a few other actresses. In a recent picture layout, for instance, Miss Shaw managed to look like Olivia de Havilland in one shot and in another like Tallulah Bankhead, whereas the resemblance of Miss de Havilland to Miss Bankhead is spectacularly negligible. But then again, seekers of signatures in New York insisted she was Miss Kelly or does not look like her at all. Depends on the light, most likely.

Much more certain, however, would be a report on Miss Shaw's manner. She is gay, straightforward, and on the occasion of this magazine's first meeting with her, rather ferociously in love.

"This one," a friend said, "is somewhat less than a reluctant bride." The friend had just accompanied Miss S. on a nationwide tour in behalf of the Duchin picture, a rigorous presentation of the mores of this country to a child of Australia, and one that will be gone into presently. "All the time

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MR. AND MRS. Smith act just like newly-marrieds, which they are.

VICTORIA SHAW continued

The Smiths' neighbors all agree: "They



DREAMY guitar playing puts Victoria on Cloud Number Nine. Roger is under contract to Columbia, is itching to do a musical film.

sure make an attractive couple"

we were out, from city to city, there was one recurrent theme: "If I can only get back to marry him!" As a matter of fact, the wedding was advanced from a Fall date to July, while workmen frantically hammered together a honeymoon home out yonder in the San Fernando Valley.

"Well," said Victoria, from around the edges of garlic bread, "it was a fact. It still is."

Quite a romance, too. The Australians move with celerity in these matters. Miss Shaw and Smith met in the Fall of 1955, on the Columbia lot. Their first date was October 14. It was the last time either dated anyone else. On the 14th of each month thereafter, they dutifully celebrated the anniversary of this excursion—to Disneyland, as it happened. And it disappointed them both that the wedding could not take place on a 14th; but this regrettably would have been difficult, with Smith in Hollywood and Miss Shaw plowing about Minneapolis, speaking warmly of the virtues of that city and laying down powerful reminders of the date the Duchin film was scheduled to open.

In truth, that trip was quite an experience to Miss Shaw. An eye-opener. A sense-stopper. Twice she went over on her head, unconscious as a girl can be. The first time was in a New York hotel, after many hours of being lost in the vast reaches of Long Island, where some things can be more frightening than kangaroos.

"I," said Miss Shaw to an intimate, as they wobbled in the late hours into the lobby of their hotel, "am going to faint."

"OH, NO, you're not," said the friend. "Can't have any of that, you know. Chin up and carry on."

"You're so right," murmured Miss Shaw. And fainted.

The other time was after a press party in her hotel suite. It was a mildly bibulous outing except for Miss Shaw, who does not tope and sticks to coffee. But everyone except Victoria got away without any vertiginous or horizontal difficulties. Miss Shaw, as soon as they had gone, leaped nimbly into

TROPHY awarded Victoria as most promising young actress of 1956 serves as a jumbo ash tray for Roger, to whom nothing's sacred.



TALKATIVE friend is boring both the Smiths with interminable phone conversation. Oh for a good pair of pliers, sighs Victoria.

her bathtub, slipped, up-ended and knocked herself cold. Her associates, shuddering at possible inferences of our heroine being spiffed as a Lackawanna brakeman, called physicians in private and had some tatting done on their property's skull.

"And you are," said Miss Shaw recently. "You're nothing but a property on these tours. Oh, it's wonderful fun, of course, and exciting, but I kept thinking I should have been wrapped in Cellophane and tagged. It's largely a matter of getting on and off trains or planes, you know, and then following schedule. And those schedules!"

One query by the local press kept bemusing Miss Shaw, no matter how frequently repeated. It would occur by one or more reporters meeting her either at railway station or airport, and went like this: "Well,"—cough, followed by deprecatory chuckle, "how do you like our fair city?"

Miss Shaw would gaze dutifully at the west end of a soot-bedecked platform and say, also without variation, that it looked fine as far as she could see; i.e., two railway tracks and/or a windsock, plus a rather dismal terminal.

After that, Miss Shaw, who had been reasonably well briefed, would speak glowingly of points of interest she looked forward to seeing, without adding she doubted she could get to everyone of them in the minute and a half she figured she'd have left over. It was never like that in Australia.

Another favorite query on the road was, how did she happen to come to America? And that's a very good question prin-

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So long, Bogie

Hollywood's favorite curmudgeon lost his last great battle against illness, but he won many rounds in his lifelong fight against humbug



OF FOURTH wife, Lauren Bacall, Bogie said warmly, "She has no affectation. You can like her, which is more important than love."

HE WAS rowdy, cantankerous and completely honest, and somehow this last quality softened the edge in the other two. For Humphrey DeForest Bogart was no muddled Don Quixote, tilting with windmills, but a down-to-earth warrior who broke his lance with very real enemies—cant, hypocrisy and injustice. His biting wit was a refreshing, if bitter, draught that was relished by a world weary of falsehood. "The people who don't drink must be afraid the truth will out," he would remark, holding a glass of his favorite Scotch. "Of course, you should be able to handle it. I don't think it should handle you." The king of tough guys was born into a New York society family in 1899. His next notable act was being tossed out of Andover prep school for his "unquenchable high spirits." After the Navy he fell into acting. But there were years of struggle before he landed his first big role as killer Duke Mantee in the stage and movie versions of "The Petrified Forest." During twenty years of stardom that included an Academy Award, his movie personality became a projection of the caustic, real-life veteran of four marriages and several notorious bouts which barred him from New York night clubs. When public relations men despaired of him, he would growl, "I don't think Hollywood has any guts. I don't give a damn what they say." Friends and fans will miss the raucous nonconformist whose courage outweighed his faults. He led the kind of life every man secretly dreams of, but few dare to live.

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BOGART continued



"THE PETRIFIED FOREST" (1936) launched Bogie's Hollywood career. As killer Duke Mantée he menaced Leslie Howard and Bette Davis.

**A hard-hitting nonconformist
off-screen, Bogie leaves
behind a gallery of filmland's
most famous tough guys**

"THE MALTESE FALCON" (1941): Bogie starred as private eye Sam Spade, made love to Mary Astor.





"CASABLANCA" (1943): Bogie played a near-hero role opposite Ingrid Bergman; pals accused him of "going soft."



"TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE" (1947): Grizzled Bogie and Tim Holt played greedy prospectors in an adventure tale with an ironic twist.

"THE AFRICAN QUEEN" (1951): Bogie slogged down an African river with Katharine Hepburn and sailed right into an Academy Award.



END



ANITA EKBERG SAYS:

"I'm Sick of Sex!"

Anita's so fed up with the body beautiful build-up she's fit to be tied. We mean she's *mad*

By JOHN MAYNARD

ON THE DAY late in 1956 when Britain's Parliament became officially unhinged over a display billboard featuring the celebrated length and breadth of Anita Ekberg, things were almost equally nippy in the West Los Angeles hillside abode of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Steel.

It would not even be too much to say that Mrs. Steel, nee Kerstin Anita Marianne Ekberg, was set to blow her stack. It would not even be *too* much to say that she did.

"Somewahn," she said thoughtfully, "I would like to bust right between the eyes. And mebbe I do it."

Said Mr. Steel, himself a Britisher, husky, handsome, cultured, and a fellow with amazingly large wrists and hands—as amazingly large, for example, as his wife's eyes: "And she'd be entirely justified, you know."

And so came about the mildly historic information that the Steels, and Mrs. Steel in italics, have been building up ever since their marriage of not long ago a considerable head of steam against a variety of institutions, and now were ready to release the valve.

They had, of course, a number of unsavory alternates, such as throwing themselves off the cliff which drops sheer for hundreds of feet, 18 inches from the north end of their living room. For one suffering from acrophobia, the Steels' is a spooky home. But they were choosing to make a stand instead.

"Sex," said Miss Ekberg bitterly. "I am sick of the word. Sex is not because you have a beautiful body or you're big here or—or slender there, or whatever you are. Sex is something that comes from within. I am sick of these peectures of me they took when I was struggling and now they print them in all these nasty little magazines. I am sick of having them re-touched so they are not so nice, not attractive, and I am sick of the nasty little men who have done it."

"And a lot of them are," said Steel. "Re-touched, I mean. What could she do?"

"Thees mus' be a nation of sex-conscious pipples," said Miss E. "Maybe it is a *world* of sex-conscious pipples. But they do not know what sex is, not really. It is not of the body. It is from within. Oh, I get so



REPORTS of a rift between her and hubby Anthony Steel are heatedly denied by Anita.

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GOSSIP columnists have disturbed Anita with what she regards as distortions. "Somewahn I want to bust on the head," she fumes.



PIN-UP pictures that once boomed her career now anger Anita.

"Sex is not because you are big

mad! Somewahn I want to bust right on top of the head."

"Not anyone in particular," said Steel. "It's an accumulation of a lot of things. I hope I can say it right for both of us, especially for myself. I wouldn't want it to sound as though I were browned off at this country. I'm not. I love it. Actually, it's an international situation, probably affecting all public figures, but Anita and I have had more than our share in the last few months." He lit his third cigarette in ten minutes. "Like that thing the other night. I don't want to talk about it much. Besides, it was trivial. But I didn't see the red light, you know. I truly didn't."

"That thing the other night" was a charge against Steel of drunken driving. In Southern California it is not considered trivial, but Steel was justified in his choice of words if you set it against his conviction that he was not drunk or anywhere near drunk. (On the other hand, he pleaded guilty a day after this conversation.) However, Anita came to his rescue. Naturally, photographers gathered, and there was quite a bit of journalistic to-do.

"They wouldn't," said Anita indignantly, "even let him blow into the balloon, that leetle gadget, whatever it is. They said to me, 'Why should he blow the balloon, he's not seek.'



BARRING further cheesecake pictures, Anita insists she is going to concentrate on being a serious actress, not just a great beauty.

here or slender there," says Anita. "Sex is something from within"

I wanted to tell them off in Swedish. Somewahn I would like to bust right on the jaw. Somewahn preents or heents something about me, or me and Tony, that is not true, I will bust heem. I dawn't care who he is."

HER listener had an agonized view of a powerful woman columnist being slugged across ten yards of Mocambo, taking three breakaway chairs with her and disappearing through the wall; but Miss Ekberg disclaimed the notion.

"Awnly a man," she said. "I will bust heem if he's anywhere near my size. The things they say and write! Eet's terrible. Say I said so! I dawn't care! The other morning there is an item says Tony and I have reefed—is the word?—and are going to try a second honeymoon in the Bahamas. You're here—do we look as if we've reefed?" For a moment they embraced. "Does *that* look as if we've reefed? They've had us reefed ever since we were married. We called up the fellow who wrote the item and asked him where he got it. He said he had *heard* it. I would like to bust somewahn right on the point of the chin!"

"Besides," said Steel, "look around the room here, look out at those mountains, and try to put yourself in my place. I'm

thousands and thousands of miles from home. I hope to be a success in pictures here—" (he had just completed his first, the independent picture, "Valerie," opposite Anita Ekberg) "but it's not a foregone conclusion, of course. In other words, why would I be here other than that I love my wife? What could be simpler? Why would I marry her if I didn't love her? What could there be between us but love? I'm not being emotional. I'm stating something that's so obvious, apparently the gossips can't bear it."

Obediently, the visitor looked around the room. Steel was comfortable and relaxed, in sports attire. Miss Ekberg wore toreadorish slacks and a high-necked black sweater, if anything a size too large for her. Among the Greek chorus was the producer of "Valerie," Hal R. Makelin, who overrode vociferously constant printed reports that Miss Ekberg had been difficult, in fact intractable, on the set. His voice resonant with pain, Mr. Makelin asserted that the precise contrary had been true, that she had cooperated excessively with press and crew, had worked appalling over-time hours, that the same had been true of Steel, and that a producer ought to know if anybody did.

"I could be making pictures in England and Europe all the

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“‘Ekberg an Iceberg!’ That’s a laugh. Swedes must have warmer blood to live in a cold climate”



ANITA'S warm nature is captured in informal picture taken on the Paramount lot (above) and in glamour photograph at the right.

time," said Steel pensively. "But I'm here. You see how it is, don't you?"

It seemed clear enough. But what of the alleged brawl in Italy? In the press, there had been implications of another man's unwelcome attentions to Anita. Steel rose as though activated from beneath.

"There's a clear instance of distortion," he said in tones that brooked no doubt. "I'll tell you exactly what happened. It was in Genoa. In the hotel where we were staying there was this elevator boy. A kid, about 17. Now I'm not kidding. When Anita and I would get on the elevator, this hoodlum would turn his back on the handle, work it behind him, you know, his back to the door, and take us up without looking where he was going, simply staring at Anita from a few inches away, a look no husband would tolerate."

"Or no wife either," said Miss Ekberg. "It was awful and it was disgusting. In Italy, crowds followed us and sometimes the men would do more than look. They would brush." But this was the most awful."

"Yes," said Steel. "So about seven times in seven different days, I told the boy to stop it. I wasn't fooling. And the eighth time, I turned him around by force and slapped him on the rump. Hard, yes. But I could have made it harder. As a matter of fact, I wish I had. And that was all there was to that. But next thing I knew—well, I *didn't* know. Some versions I was a child-beater, in others, in a drunken brawl. It's not what you'd call a very responsible press or, in the process, a very responsible public. Too credulous, is what I mean."

SOMEWAHN," said Anita Ekberg, "I would like to bust right on the part of the arm where it hurts the most. I dawn't have to take this nonsense, unless I'm a person who lies down like a rug and says, 'Walk on me.' I like being where I am and doing what I am, but I'm not going to do this nonsense of calling up this columnist or that and telling





WORKING with Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin in "Hollywood Or Bust" was a treat for Anita who looks forward to a long career in films.

them how I feel or what's new with me, just to get my name in the paper. If they want to know, they can call me. I dawn't have to meck any more chizzcake pictures and I'm not going to. I've always wanted to be an actress, not just a—a beauty, or whatever they said I was. And that's what I'm going to try to do. Then they say, Ekberg the Iceberg. I think some English writer began it, partly because a play on my name, you know, partly because no more chizzcake, or maybe because I'm Swedish. That's all he knows. The Swedes must have warmer blood to live in a cold climate. They talk about Italians having hot blood. That's a laugh. They have thin, cold blood because they live where it's hot."

SWEDISH, yes indeed. Born in Malmo on September 29, 1931. Grew up to be Miss Sweden and a model, and kept turning down picture offers, in some degree, because she liked her own profession, modeling, and in some—where Hollywood was concerned—because her English wasn't yet good enough. That attended to, she did come to Hollywood, via New York, and rose very fast. Her present bitterness aside, she likely would not deny that publicity abetted this.

Steel, less well-known to America, has in other respects much greater acting depth. A cosmopolitan by inheritance—and by no means broke in the sense of family background—he

approached the London stage after a durable war record, appeared in a number of plays, and finally began making pictures for J. Arthur Rank. There have been many of them, and Steel in the eyes of his countrymen probably is the bigger name of the two.

The two were married in Rome in May of 1956, and have been plagued by chitchat and the printed word virtually ever since. This magazine has now allowed them rebuttal.

"People," said Miss Ekberg in summation, "just dawn't *know*! How could they know? How could anyone but Tony and me know? But that doesn't stop them from talking and writing things that aren't right. I don't have to take it and I'm not going to any more!"

"She doesn't, really," said Steel. "And let me make this terribly clear: I love her and she loves me and it's going to go on that way. This is something that belongs to us. I know they say being a public figure entails certain punishment that you automatically contract to take when you become a public figure. But Anita and I don't think that includes malice and slander—and we've certainly had some. But don't believe I don't love her. Or vice versa." He looked out the picture window at the little pool and the driveway climbing precipitately to the Bel-Air road. "I'm here, you see," he said. "That's enough, isn't it?"

END

YUL BRYNNER:

EGGHEAD WITH OOMPH

The newest romantic sensation is anything but a glamour boy, but whatever sex appeal is, Yul Brynner has it

By MAXINE BLOCK

MISTER WEBSTER—the Dictionary Webster, that is—defines “phenomenon” as that which strikes one “as strange, unusual or unaccountable; an extraordinary or remarkable person.” Old Noah might have been describing the newest male heartthrob in both the theatre and movie worlds; a kind of masculine panther who can say “Hello” in the most incredibly romantic way, who charms women speechless and answers to the improbable name of Yul Brynner.

Brynner, like in *sinner*.

What makes Brynner the phenomenon he is, is not at all what Hollywood has normally proffered womenkind in the past. Yul has muscles but no profile; his acting is good but not sensational; his age is anywhere from 36 to 41, depending on his mood of the moment; and his scalp, ministered to by a razor, not a comb, is as smooth and shiny as a billiard ball. Or an egg.

But Mr. Brynner, hair or no (“I have hair,” he says, “but I never use it”), is currently rated pure catnip to the female of

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VITAL, arrogantly masculine, Yul's
a man few women can really forget.

YUL BRYNNER continued

"I don't like romantic roles," says Yul. "In



OF GYPSY and Mongolian lineage, Yul's life is tinged with mystery but there's no doubt about his future. He's now in "The Buccaneer."

fact, I don't even like acting"

the species—the “sexiest bald-headed man in the world.” And if this isn't a phenomenon—strange, unusual and unaccountable—it will do until a better one comes along.

It may be true, as Yul's wife once said, that he is the only actor with five o'clock shadow on his head. But it is also true, as they'll tell you in Romanoff's, or in the producers' lairs of Brentwood and Bel-Air, that Brynner is a totally new kind of screen idol. Whatever sex appeal is, this egg-bald panther of a man has it. He seems to enchant all women, whether they're eight or eighty.

This reporter herself, married and with a teen-aged son, has not been completely immune to the Brynner screen charms. As a working writer, covering Hollywood week by week, I have watched Hollywood Lover Boys come and go, from Gable to Tony Perkins and Rossano Brazzi, from The Boy Next Door type to The Lumberjack On The Loose. I have been amused by them, flattered by them, even insulted by them. They are, in the main, delightful and charming men—gentlemen, most of them, though a few have been boors. But once their stories have issued from this typewriter, their charms—or their boorishness—have become history for me.

But Brynner, I must admit, is different. The flavor lasts; the impact of his arrogant masculinity lingers. He is a

HIS deep-set, compelling eyes are part of Brynner's great appeal to the feminine sex. He stares at you as if he were hypnotizing you.



"ANASTASIA": With Ingrid Bergman in the 20th Century film. Despite his brusqueness, Yul is liked and respected by his co-workers.

man few women can forget; once having met him, looked upon his glowing brown eyes, high cheekbones, flattish nose with flaring nostrils and fawnlike ears set close to his head, you know you have encountered a tremendously vital male.

"There is," said a girl who knew him during his TV days, "an awful lot of animal to him."

One day recently, an irked acquaintance of Yul's watched his own girl friend stare in fascination at Brynner's bald pate, the sensuous full lips, the deep-set, compelling eyes. "What," asked the man, in honest bewilderment, "have you got that women want?"

Yul shrugged. "How should I know? I'm not a woman."

"Amen," said the fascinated girl friend. "Amen."

Even eight years or so ago, when he was starring in some "Omnibus" productions for the Ford Foundation, Yul created quite a stir around CBS studios. One producer who worked with Brynner at the time remembers how Yul bowled over women like so many tenpins.

"He'd come to the studio directly from the theatre, still in make-up, and the front receptionist would give a pre-arranged buzz when he arrived, to alert all the girls in the offices, the secretaries, departmental assistants, everybody. They'd line up. They used to pretend to be frightened by him, but they were really mad for him. They all had crushes.

PERT, fiery Rita Moreno, who worked with Brynner in the movie version of "The King And I," knows a little about sex appeal herself. She is a devoted Brynner fan. Said Rita, "I remember when I first saw him, wearing those diaper-styled trousers called *panungs*. Any other man in such a get-up would look comic or grotesque. Not Yul. He didn't come into the commissary often—just once or twice while he was making the picture. But all the talk and every female head was turned when he arrived. He was electrifying; the air crackled. As I said one day to Deborah Kerr, 'Who needs hair with eyes like his?'"

Yet Yul himself, insubordinate as always, disdains lover roles. "The part I most hated playing was that of Armand in 'Camille,'" he says. "I don't like to be called a romantic

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YOU CAN HELP SOLVE

**"STAND UP
AND BE
COUNTED"**



BOB RUSSELL
STAR OF CBS TELEVISION'S
"STAND UP AND BE COUNTED"

Deborah Kerr's Dilemma

Should Deborah be "practical" and give up her dream home—or sentimental and hold on to it?

By BOB RUSSELL

DEBORAH KERR has a personal and rather poignant problem which she hopes you will help her to solve.

Several years ago, when she and her husband, Tony Bartley, realized that she would have commitments in Hollywood for some time, they started looking for a place to live. They were rather half hearted about it because, after all, they didn't know how long they would be here or whether it would be permanent. Should they rent or buy?

Suddenly one day as they were driving "aimlessly," as they put it, they saw it. The dream house, the place that had everything they had always wanted . . . the rambling, white, two-story place with the magnificent views of hills and ocean on every side. With the pool and the space for a tennis court and . . . best of all . . . space for the rose garden that Deborah had dreamed of planting. A house with room to expand for an expanding family, a place to put down roots. And it was for sale. They could have it! Presently they did. It was theirs.

Now several years have gone by. Tony's work as TV producer and liaison officer for CBS between their New York and London offices keeps him away from Hollywood several months of every year. Deborah, to date, has had location trips to Jamaica, England, Africa, the Virgin Islands, and the West Indies, from which she's just returned after making "Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison." Altogether the Bartleys have had, in the six years they have owned the "dream house," about one-

and-a-half years there together, and those in bits and pieces.

And, over the years, this dream house has proved to be an expensive luxury. During the many months that they must both be away, maintenance must go on. Gardeners, housekeepers, painters, plumbers, repairmen . . . all the people who are needed to keep such an establishment in running order.

Sometimes she must leave the children there, although she tries to have them with her if it is at all possible. She put them in a good school in London last year for a time. But she does have an excellent nurse and governess and can leave them at home if that is necessary.

Soon, however, they will be old enough to go to boarding school during her and Tony's absences and she feels that the steadiness of a whole school year will be better for them than whisking them here and there about the world at the whims of her career. So the house, the home, will not be as important, as necessary to them emotionally as it has been up to now.

Moreover, this dream house, lovely as it is, is so situated that it is difficult to drive to her studio. A still more difficult drive to downtown Los Angeles, what with traffic growing more congested in this area, moment by moment. It is even getting difficult to do the family marketing! And the expenses continue to pile up.

"Tony and I have always tried to be practical about money," says Deborah. "We want to think of our future and our chil-



DEBORAH'S daughters, Melanie (left) and Francesca, will soon be old enough for boarding school. Will she still need her house?

dren's futures. We are wondering seriously whether or not we should sell this house and perhaps keep a permanent apartment, one we could close when we have to go abroad, for a sort of Hollywood base. It would certainly save us a great deal of money and a lot of headaches.

"But then, we know there are a great many things in life besides ledgers and bank balances and income taxes.

"There are lovely dreams of the future, with a family creating traditions out of Christmases and birthdays and anniversaries. There are all the important 'firsts.' The first rosebush we planted, the first tree, the first daffodil patch.

"We are truly sentimental people. Tony and I. And there is that spot where we stood the day we moved into the dream house, held hands shamelessly and gazed at our vistas of trees and hills and sea. We have all these lovely memories and roots and they are part of our children's experience, too.

"Yet we want to be practical people and do what is best for all of us. And . . . the house grows less and less practical.

"What shall we do? Do the practical thing and part with it? Or cling to these lovely ties of sentiment and family feelings?

"Will you 'stand up and be counted' and write to tell us what you advise?"

Watch "Stand Up And Be Counted," produced by Robert Wald, Monday through Friday on CBS-TV, 1:10-1:30 p.m., EST.

Results of your balloting will be sent to
Deborah Kerr and posted in July SCREENLAND



Paste ballot on postcard and mail to:

SCREENLAND

Box 52, 10 E. 40 St., New York 17, N. Y.

CHECK ONE

- ☐ Deborah Kerr should sell her house
☐ Deborah Kerr should keep her house

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

SCREENLAND / *fashions*

will you be a

Dramatic

Bride...

Drama comes down the aisle in lush silk-faced satin, with swooping panels of lace, the neckline encrusted with pearls and paillettes. About \$275. By Bianchi.



or Romantic Bride?

By Sue Collins

FIRST, of course, you choose the groom—and *then* you choose the gown—to match! The secret is to pick a wedding dress that exactly reflects the girl he fell in love with in the first place! Many bemused engaged girls, in the delicious delirium of planning a wedding, and with the advice of mothers, aunts, bridesmaids and the world at large, find themselves stepping out of character in the selection of their wedding dress. So before you as much as set foot in a bridal shop, we suggest that you search your soul and discover what kind of girl you really are. Are you dashing and sophisticated and on the worldly side? Is your happiness as heady as champagne bubbles? Then you're dramatic, and drama is what you want on your day of days. After all, he proposed to *you*—not the sweet kid sister type. He wants you to be very much the leading lady—and nothing less than the full star treatment will do! For you, the choice is lush satin, or rich taffeta, or important peau de soie—cut and swooped and moulded to magnetize every eye as you come triumphantly down the aisle. But if you're romantic right down to the depths of your soul, that's the way he wants you to look when he forsakes all others. To symbolize his strong protective feeling to feminine you, choose the softer, more sentimental gown in lovely lace or misty tulle or ethereal organdy—so that every eye will be just a touch bright with tears. And keep your veil, your flowers and your music in exactly the same mood. Just keep in mind that if you're vivid and high-key, that's why he fell in love with you—and if you're demure and gentle, you can't look too fragile to suit him. The key to the perfect wedding gown is: look like the girl he dreams of—on the day he marries that girl!

END



Clouds of nylon tulle and imported lace with scalloped V neck, in chapel sweep length. About \$130. By Vene Bridals.



A ballerina gown like a love ballad, curved in scallops in imported Chantilly lace. About \$69.95. By Cahill, Ltd.



◀ Dramatic—the beaded crown headdress for the bride who walks like a queen!



▶ Romantic—the tender spray of orange blossoms trailing silk illusion!

Both headdresses by S. Hollander and Sons.

After Lassie Comes Mommie

Dorothy's biggest fan is her young daughter, Debbie, who knows a good singing star when she sees one

By FLORENCE EPSTEIN

EVERY summer Dorothy Collins and the rest of The Hit Parade crew take a 13-week vacation. Dorothy generally spends hers singing at the Thunderbird in Las Vegas.

"At the end of my first engagement there they gave me this," Dorothy said, showing me a diamond-studded watch on a platinum band. "And Ray gave me this," she pointed to a diamond wedding ring, "and for my birthday, he gave me this," she lifted her right hand under the weight of a beautiful diamond ring.

"All of a sudden I've become a diamond girl. I never thought I was the type. But now I love diamonds, even though I don't like my hands. They're awful."

They didn't look awful to me. They looked like pretty nice hands, but it was obvious that arguing would be useless.

We were sitting in Raymond Scott's New York office. He's the music director of NBC-TV's Hit Parade, also Dorothy's husband (for four-and-a-half years).

"Of course, it's wonderful working together," Dorothy said. "In fact, the whole

show is just plain fun. Everybody connected with it is so nice. This morning I just missed the train coming in. I felt terrible about it—being late for rehearsal and holding things up. But when I called to tell them I'd be delayed nobody blew up. They were all more concerned about me. Just don't be nervous, they said, promise you'll stop being nervous."

Now it was afternoon, the rehearsal was over and Dorothy looked composed and smart with her blonde hair brushed long and smooth, her make-up and browline artfully applied, her dress quietly chic.

I mentioned that she'd changed a lot from the cute little kid who sang Lucky Strike commercials in a white blouse. Now she was glamorous.

"Well, I've been on the show seven years," she said. "I should hope I'd change. It would be pretty boring if I didn't. It would bore me most of all. I think it's mainly my hair. I used to cut it myself. Snip, snip, snip up to here. I was lucky to have any left. But now I put my head in wiser hands."

She thought a minute. "Maybe it was having the baby," she said. "I think I've changed since then."

The baby is Debbie—now a little over two years old. Dorothy whipped out a photo of her, a sturdy little girl with golden brown hair and a charming smile.

"She isn't beautiful—but isn't she cute?" Dorothy said. "You ought to see her playroom. I always used to say that my child would never have too many toys. I didn't approve of it." She gestured, helplessly. "But Debbie knows and loves every toy she has."

"What else does she know?" I said. "Does she know how to sing?"

"Oh, yes. She has a good voice. She hears me run through the lyrics of a song and picks them up immediately. My mother always told me I could do that at her age but I never believed it until now. Debbie's current ambition is to sing on television. She stands up in front of the set and thinks she's on."

"Once I did a filmed commercial and it followed the Lassie show. Debbie and I both watched it at home. She looked at the set, looked at me sitting beside her and snorted. Now every night after Lassie she shouts, 'Here comes Mommie!'"



NOW very chic, Dorothy's changed a lot from the cute kid who used to sing commercials.

continued on page 60

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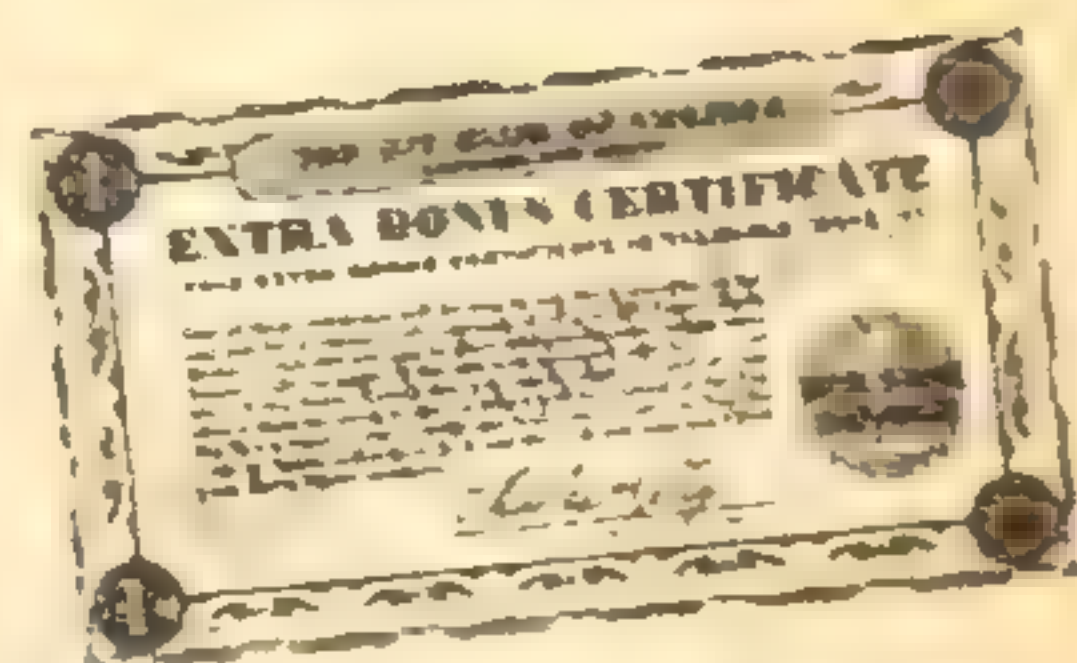
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DOROTHY COLLINS

continued

Mommie comes in person every time Debbie lifts her little finger. "I'd like at least one more child," Dorothy says. "I'd really like three more, but I'll settle happily for whatever I get."

She has a nice place to settle in—a 32-room house on Long Island that the Scotts bought a couple of years ago.

"That's a lot of house," I said.

Dorothy laughed. "I know. Once someone came out there to interview me and she wanted to know if it frightened me—having such a big place. It doesn't frighten me at all. I love it. They used to call it the old Milburn estate—they're the same Milburns who own Borden's. It's Georgian style and has four floors, if you count the basement. We closed off the top floor completely. It's as if it isn't there."

"That left three floors to decorate," I said. "What a job that must have been. Who did it?"

"Me," Dorothy said, in that blithe and careless way. "So far I've done 14 rooms. My bedroom is French Provincial fruitwood. I'm mad about fruitwood. And the rest is traditional. The walls are panelled beautifully—they came that way. And there are so many fireplaces. It was a nerve-wracking experience for Debbie at Christmas. She expected Santa Claus to come out of every one of them."

THEY also have between ten and eleven acres of ground—much of it wooded and a lot of it peat bog. A gardener keeps the front lawn trim but the Scotts aren't planning a park. Large as the house and grounds are (friends have suggested they call it Windsor Castle—Windsor, Ontario, being Dorothy's birthplace), the estate hasn't swallowed them up. The reverse is true. Their personalities are stamped all over it.

"Ray has a million hobbies—every hobby man can think of except hunting," Dorothy says, with wifely admiration. "And he has a room for every hobby."

Without hesitation she reeled them off. "He has a complete electronics lab, a woodworking shop, a recording studio, a ham radio room—say amateur, not ham. Ray doesn't think ham's the right word—a theatre with a projection room for running off kinescopes of the show, a complete darkroom. Did you get all that? Another thing. He loves to collect technical manuscripts. He has a library full of technical stuff. He's also a brilliant composer."

"It must have been love at first sight," I said, overwhelmed.

Dorothy laughed. "You don't believe in that, do you? Is there such a thing as love at first sight? I'd known Ray for many years. Then gradually it dawned on me that it was more important being with him than with anyone else. And he felt the same way about me."

"Well, let's see. We were talking about the house. We have lots of parties there."

The terrific thing is we can invite a hundred people and still have room to move around in."

"Formal parties?" I asked.

"Oh, no. Definitely not. Just a lot of people talking and eating and sitting around. Most of our close friends are not in show business. Ray's closest friend is Sam Freeman. They grew up together in Brooklyn. We see him and his wife, Eileen, very often. And another couple—a lawyer and his wife. I don't mind if Debbie goes into show business when she grows up, but I don't particularly want her to."

"Is that how your mother felt about you?" I said.

"Oh, me," she said. "I used to sing all the time at home but nobody paid any attention to it. You see my mother had studied opera—until my father came along. He didn't go for that career business. But we grew up with music in the house. (We—meaning Dorothy, her older sister and younger brother.)"

"Well, one day a friend of mine said she was going on an amateur show. I thought to myself, 'Gee, I can sing as well as she can,' and told my mother I wanted to go on the show, too. She was surprised but she didn't object."

"One of the reasons I wanted to do it was because the prize was a trip to Toronto where my grandmother lived. I won the contest, but by that time they'd switched prizes. All I won was a wristwatch. I won five wristwatches and gave them all to my mother who lost them."

"I won a lot of cups, too. You know, my brother and sister were always winning beauty cups. They were the most exquisite babies. I always used to ask my mother, 'Why can't I look like them?' and she'd pat me on the head and say that I was the one with character."

After her mother discovered that Dorothy had talent as well as character she spent five years touring the country with

her. The way it happened—Dorothy auditioned for Raymond Scott in 1942. He told her to go home and practice and he'd be sure to remember her. She wasn't so sure he would. But, a year later, she sang for him again and this time he hired her as featured vocalist for his well-known quintet. She left Scott to join The Herb Shriner Time on radio and then toured with Raymond again. A few months later when he disbanded his group to direct the orchestra on Your Hit Parade she was out of a job. But in 1950 Ray got her back—first to sing the commercials, then hits.

"During the seven years I've been on the show," Dorothy says, "I've gotten about 20 movie offers and eight or ten Broadway offers. I never paid much attention to them because I wasn't ambitious. I feel different about it now. With my new contract I can take off any eight-week period during the season—and who knows what I'll do. It's very exciting."

TO prepare for who knows what, Dorothy takes dancing and dramatic lessons Mondays and Thursdays—for three hours she's at the New Dramatists Workshop.

"I never realized how much was involved in acting," she says. "It was amazing how everyone came to class frightened and inhibited. I thought I'd be the only one. But after a while we got used to acting out things in front of each other and taking the criticism. It's all so scientific. I mean, there are definite tools that actually *work* for you. When I get applause from that class, I'm telling you, you can't live with me!"

Also on Mondays and Thursdays, for one hour, Dorothy studies "free-style" dancing at the June Taylor studio.

"Aside from that, I don't have any special hobbies—except ice-skating. I ice-skate whenever I get the chance. And then there's baseball."

"You play baseball?" I said, astounded.

"I *watch* baseball. The Dodgers. Well I *used* to play baseball. When I was a kid I used to be a pitcher."

"Debbie is really my whole interest—but, of course, she's no hobby. Except for those two days when I'm in town I spend as much time as I can with her. So does Ray. You know, Debbie loves to watch TV, but let Ray walk in and nothing can compete with him. Talk about little girls having crushes on their daddies!"

"The thing she loves most is to have Ray take her out for a drive. Just the two of them. Ray gave me a car for a wedding gift but I never did learn how to drive. At first I thought I'd let him teach me but everyone warned me against that. Never let your husband teach you how to drive!"

"I think I'd better learn pretty soon. Debbie's getting old enough to go to nursery school and she'll need a chauffeur."

And whatever Debbie needs, Debbie is sure to get. That goes for everyone at the Scott house.

END

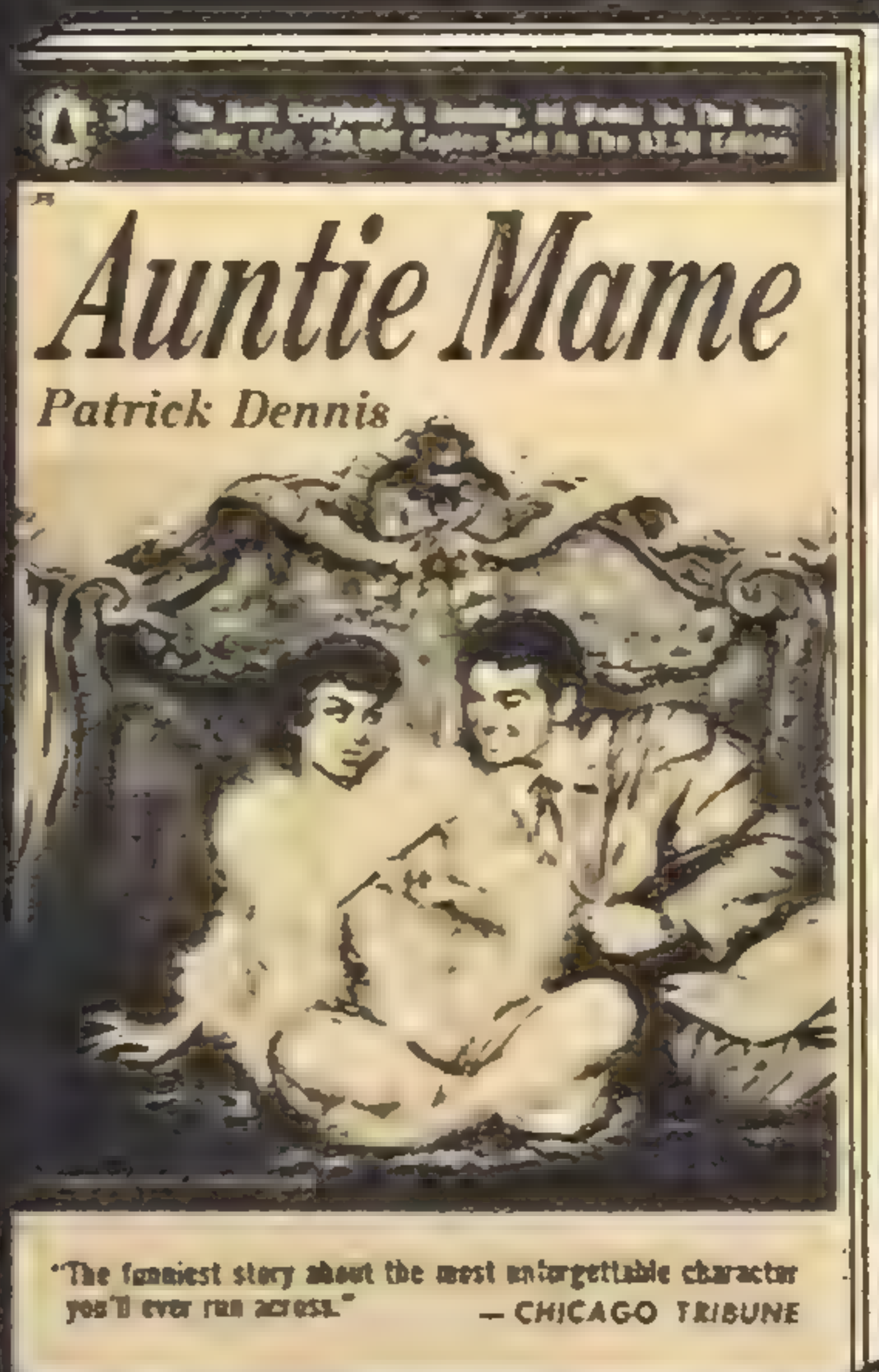


DOING one of her "Hit Parade" numbers. Dorothy's now studying drama—for the future.

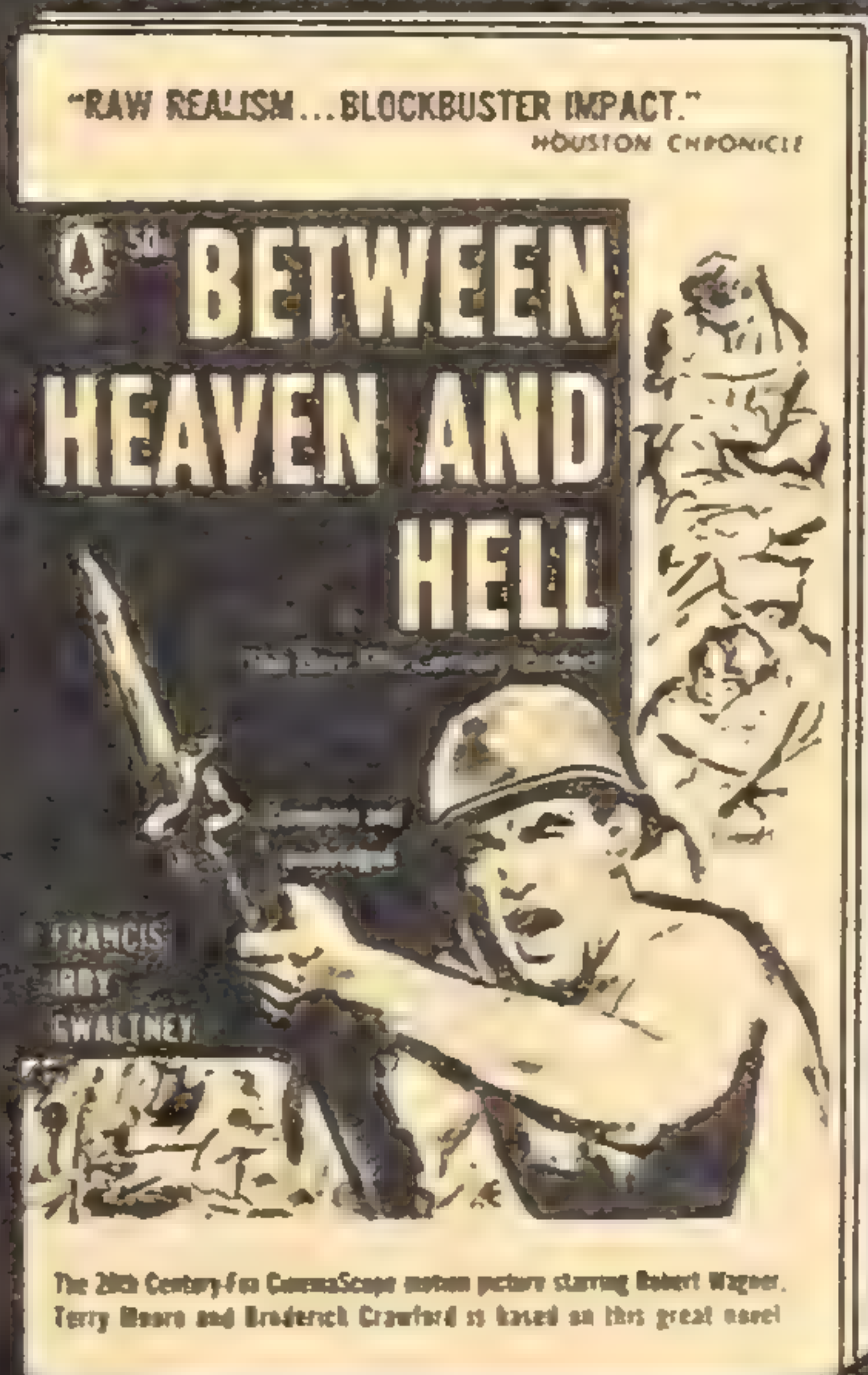
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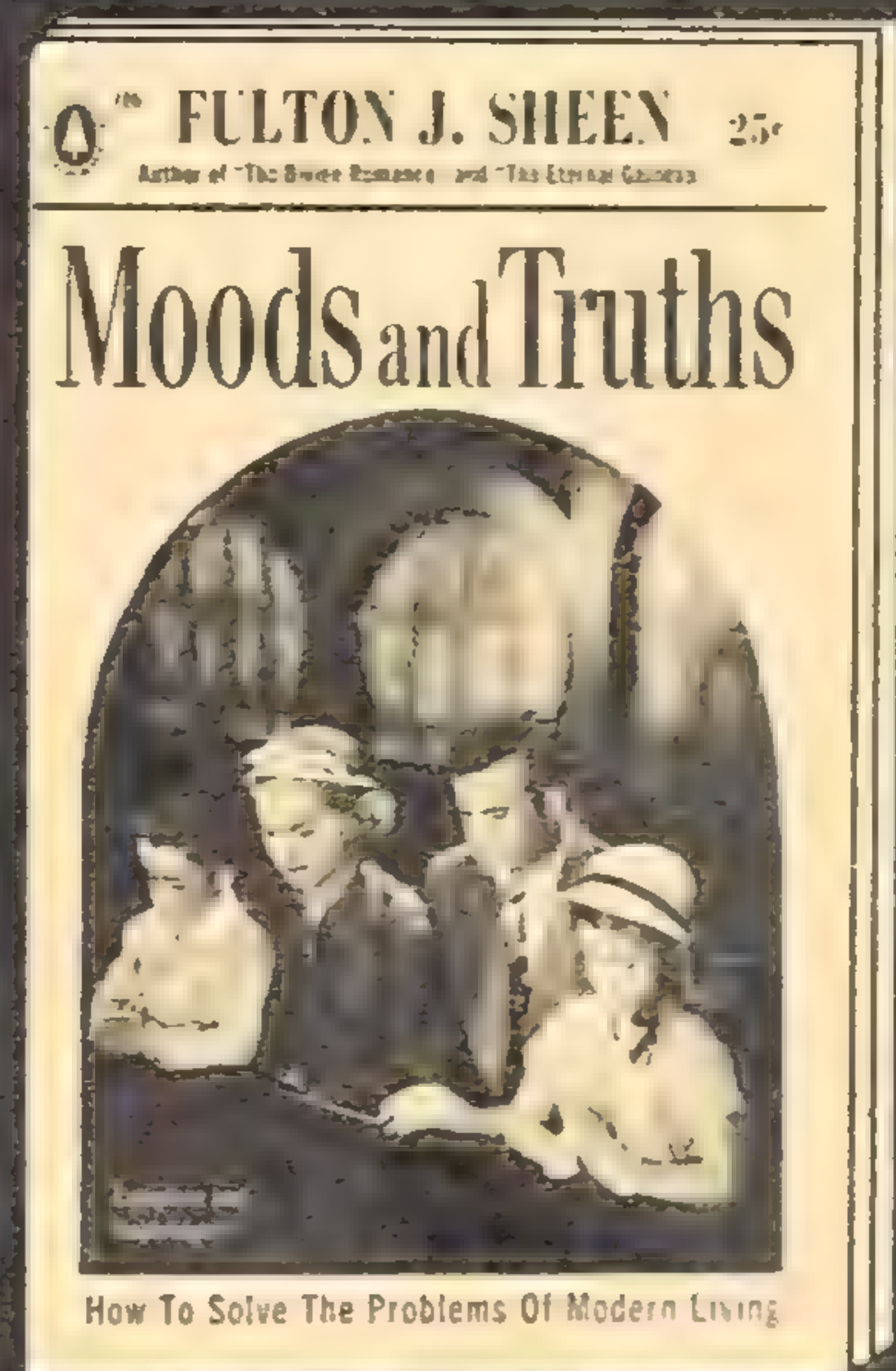
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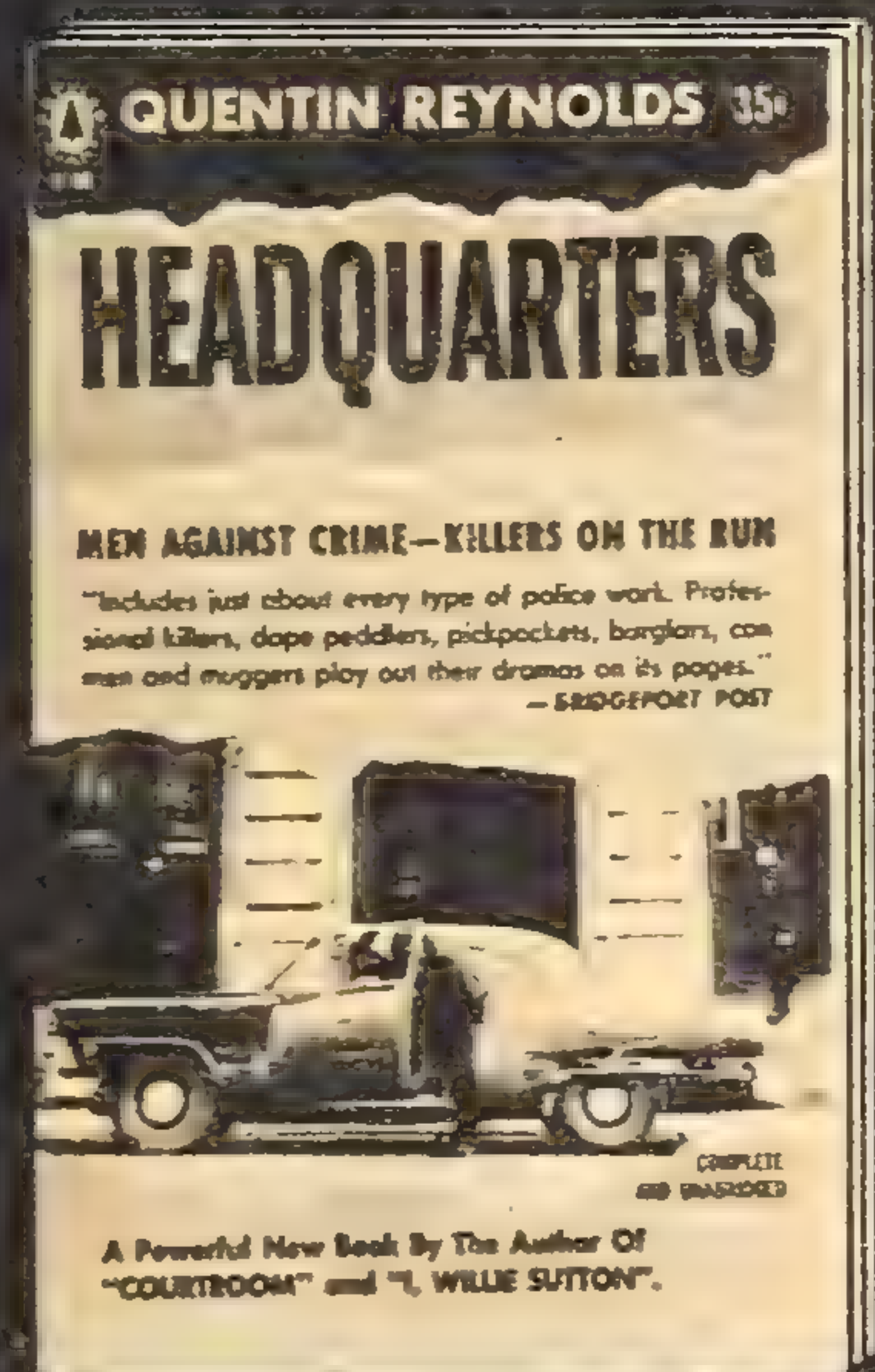
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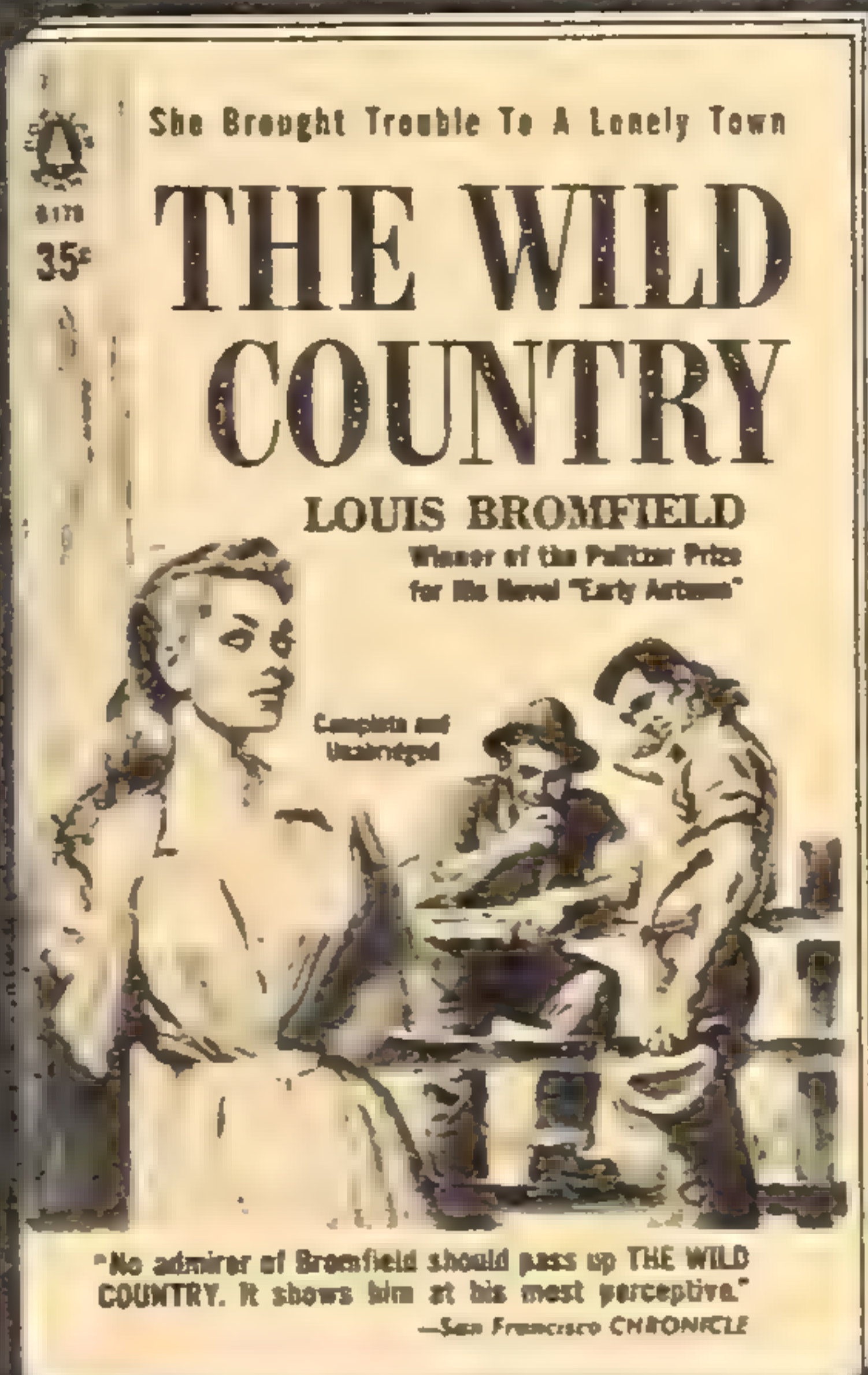
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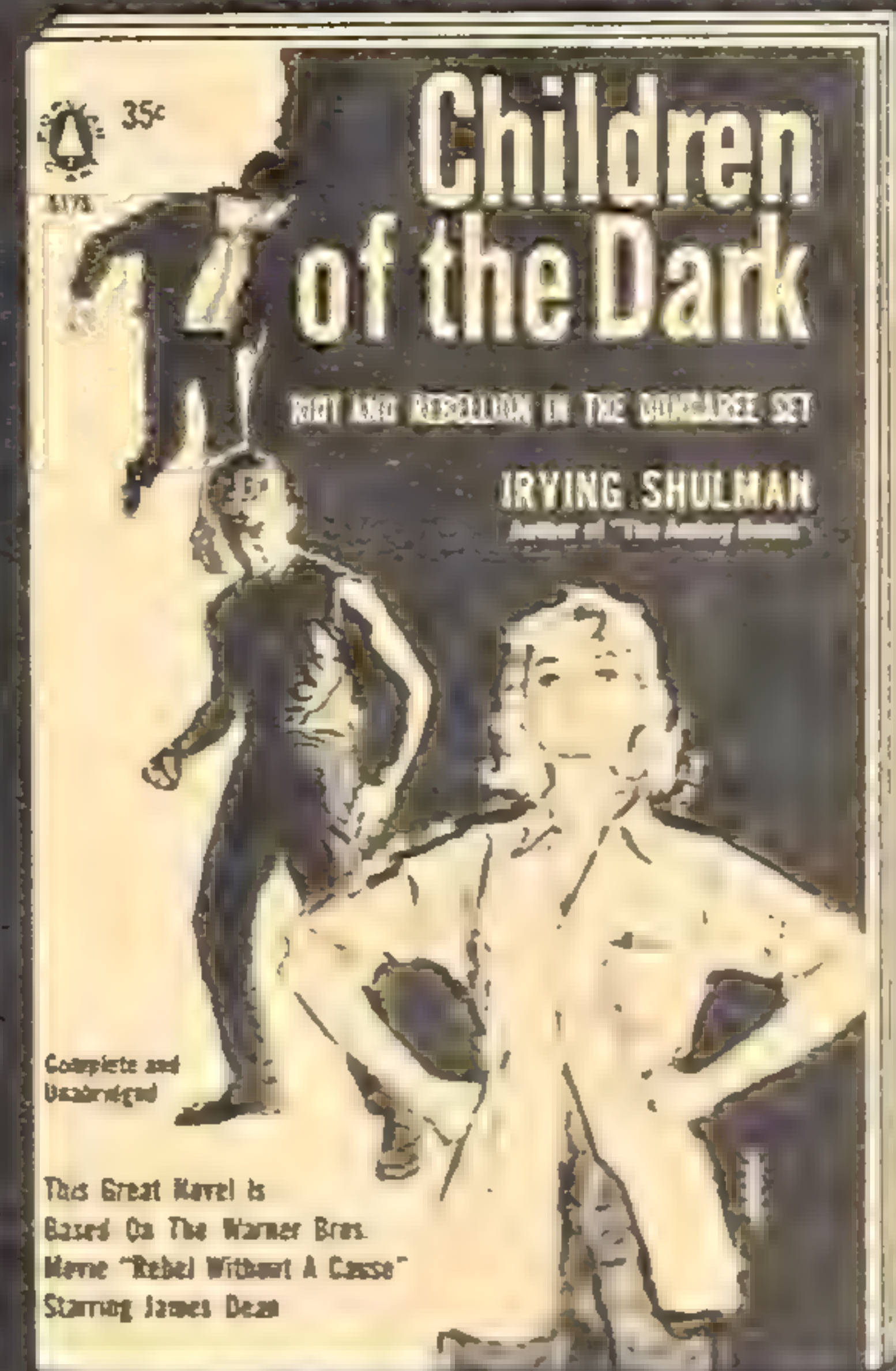
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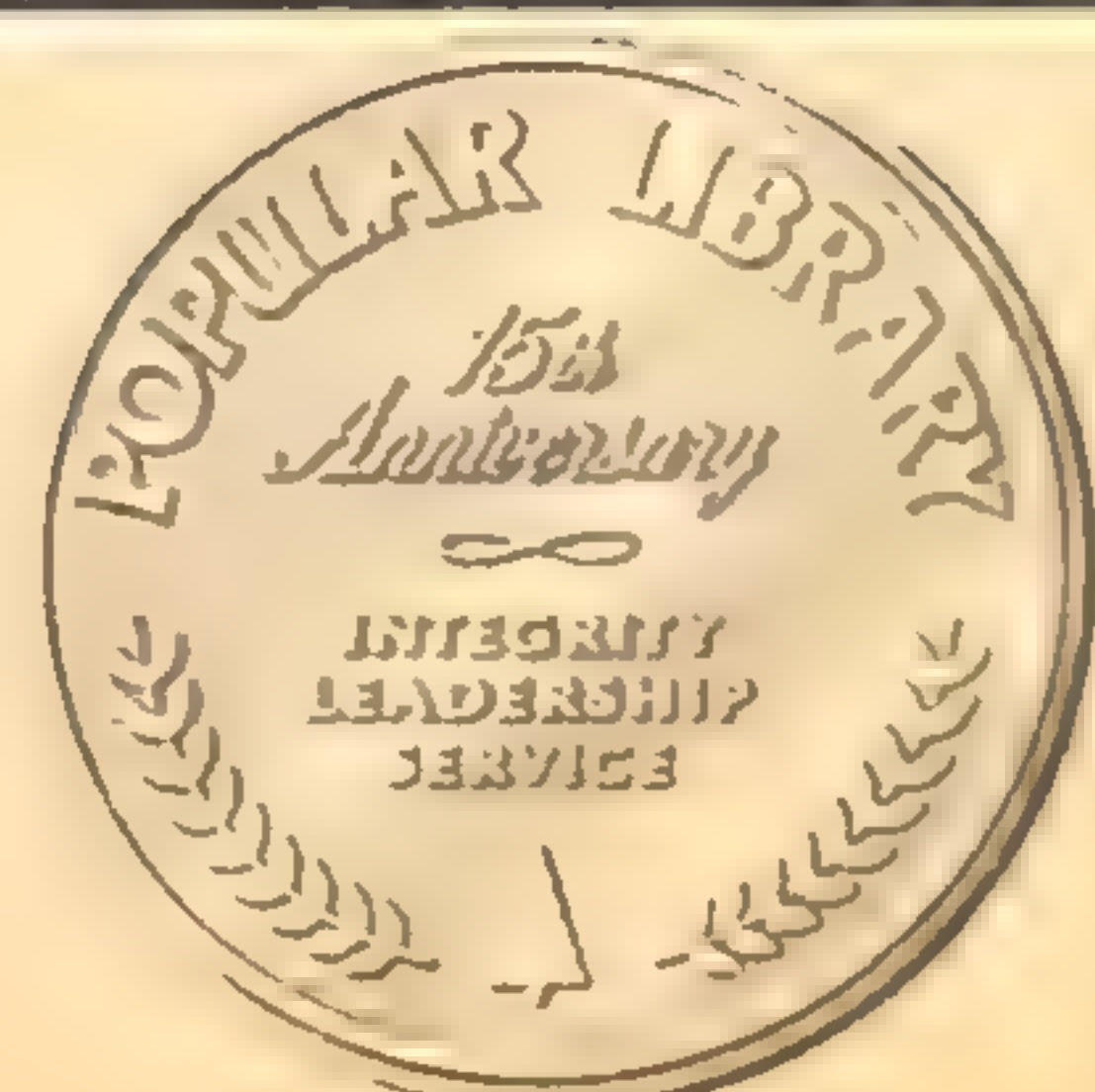


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The Ordeal Of Elvis Presley

continued from page 31

he's had to take more criticism than any entertainer has yet known. And maybe that's why he feels he has a *right* to sing the blues. In July, 1954, the highly nervous young man started his barnstorming one-night stands through Texas, Arkansas and Louisiana. His draped jackets, pegged pants, spectacular sports shirts and jackets, his mop of brilliantined hair, his sideburns, heavy-lidded boudoir eyes combined with a sexy, careless tough manner had an explosive effect on bobby-soxers. In his performances he showed his rebellion against his own parental control of early days (which was very strong) and he's still flailing out at it. Although the young singer didn't understand it, he was acting out his hostilities and confusions against everything that bothered him—was asserting his own independence. Teenagers identified with him, found it easy to fit him into their dream world. He had a dynamic presence, a vitality, a forcefulness that projected across the stage. Hundreds of girls wrote in for his photograph.

In November 1955, RCA Victor bought up Presley's contract. Scarcely three months later the young crooner's recordings accounted for more than half of that firm's enormous output of records. And the end is not yet in sight. RCA executives were amazed—and happy. One of them declared, "We never thought his popularity would last this long; we thought it would have tapered off long ago, but we see no signs of that as yet."

DESPITE repeated efforts by critics to cool his sex-hot flame, Elvis Presley has remained the most incendiary figure in the world of rock 'n' roll. Each of his big beat records seems to lurch inexorably toward the top of the best-seller lists.

Yet, despite the money, adulation and fame, today Elvis is not a happy young man, sitting on top of the world. From a musical standpoint, a critic compared his singing style to a "motorcycle club of black leather-jacketed members riding at full throttle up a hill on a quiet Sunday afternoon." From a personality standpoint, he's silent, ingrown, restless and brooding off-stage; on-stage, he's a completely uninhibited extrovert.

The obsessive beat of rock 'n' roll whips through the audience with the power of a bull whip and the crowd breaks into hand-clapping, feet-stomping, dancing in the aisles, screaming so they cannot hear Elvis at all. At times, they plow through police guards in a mad desire to reach their idol on the stage. They tear his clothes, bombard his hotel with hundreds of calls; they lie in wait for him outside the TV station; they surround Elvis' home on exclusive Audubon Drive in Memphis whenever he returns there so

that police are called to disperse them.

And how do all these worshiping Presleyites effect Elvis Presley? "Well," he says, "Since I started singin' I've tried to meet as many fans as I can. I never wanta forget that they made me. I just wish there was some way you could get around to every one of 'em and really show them that you appreciate their likin' you. But I can't. There's too much to do. When I came to Hollywood to start 'Loving You' I had to sneak in by train so there wouldn't be a demonstration. Paramount had to put additional guards on duty to keep the fans from interfering; my hotel is getting tired of the hundreds of phone calls.

"I can't deny that it usta be more fun than it is now," he sighed. Elvis can't sit or stand still. He is either jiggling his feet or tapping his fingers. Nervousness has caused him to bite his nails down to the quick. Suddenly he laughed in recollection. "I remember once," he said, "a blonde honeychile at one of my shows who came for all three performances and sat in the front row and didn't stop screamin' through all of 'em. She couldn't have heard a word I was singin'. The last performance she made a dive for the stage and the police grabbed her. She was a-screamin', 'Let me at him,' and it broke up the audience. I got so tickled I couldn't go on and had to walk off stage.

"But today, I'm getting a little tired of the mobs followin' me wherever I go . . . At the TV shows I got to stand around, wait until the crowds thin out so I can make a dash through the basement to dive into a taxi to get back to the hotel."

And that's the way it is almost every time Elvis goes anywhere. After a few years this can grow mighty irksome. "I can't even have fun in 'musement parks," he continued. "Those little o' gals keep a-followin' me and I got to leave. I got no privacy any more and I can't even take a gal out to dance. Some of my fans—but only a few—tear my clothes and even scratch me. A couple made away with too many mementoes. Like one who took a red sports coat and red shirt off the stage and also my gittar. That gittar cost me \$250," he added. "At first, all this excitement was wonderful but now, honestly, sometimes I git plumb tired of the police escort, the pawin', the screamin' and clothes tearin' . . ."

It's understandable that Elvis is growing a bit jaded. "There is no gathering the rose without being pricked by the thorns," a wise man has said. So it is that overnight success carries with it a price tag. Elvis Aron Presley is paying it. What's more, his parents, to whom Elvis is devoted, are paying part of that price, too. At intervals they must change their unlisted phone number. All day long and even at night fans gather around the



STILL a country boy at heart, Elvis Presley is constantly on the defensive against slights.

\$40,000 Memphis home Elvis purchased for his parents. Naturally, the neighbors resent this and there is growing animosity toward the Presleys.

But it's the vandals and mischief-makers who cause this kindly, friendly couple untold sorrow.

"Just last night," Mr. Presley told the press recently, "I was awakened about three by a noise and found some boys trying to get into one of Elvis' cars. I had to call the police. And a couple of weeks ago, a bunch of boys, way past midnight, were trying to force the name plate off the mail box."

"When Elvis comes home," added Mrs. Presley, "he has to hire a guard for our house night and day or he wouldn't get any rest at all. I worry so for his safety I can hardly sleep."

The Presleys and Elvis, too, have good reason to "sing the blues" at the inexplicable actions of teenage boys who dislike Elvis as much as their girl friends admire him. Outside the auditoriums, after Elvis' performances, as many as 50 boys gang up and threaten to "get" him. Without police protection the famous singer might be the victim of serious injury at their hands.

ALTHOUGH he has kept himself under control, a couple of times Elvis made the front pages when he engaged in fast fist fights with his tormentors. "I don't want to fight with anybody," he explained. "All I aim to do is earn an honest livin'. I've taken my share of ridicule, lies and slander. But when guys come up and hit me, that's going too far." He showed anger, too, at a Memphis girl who sued him and collected \$5,500 for a photograph published in a magazine which showed Elvis with his head on her shoulder. But he recovered his good spirits quickly and asked

continued on page 64

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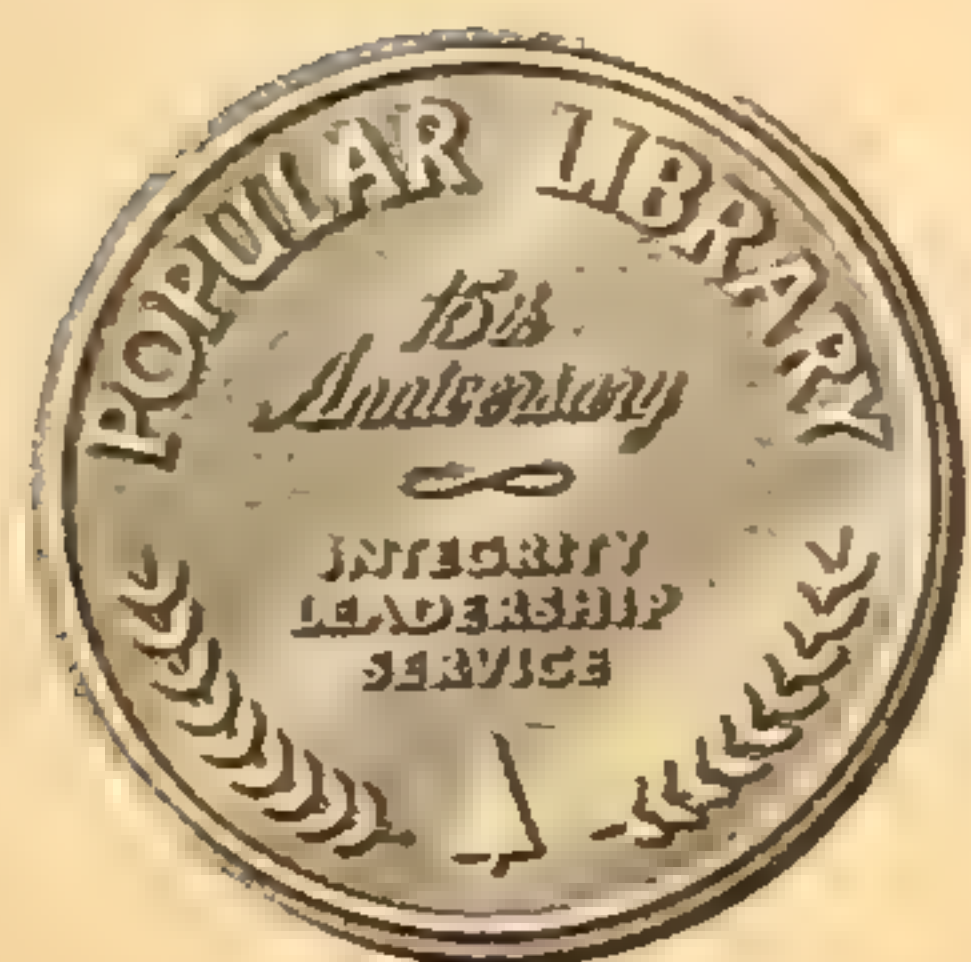
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ELVIS PRESLEY

continued

his audience at his next appearance, "Anyone got a shoulder they'd like me to put my head on?"

He hasn't recovered, though, from his chagrin over his old high school pals who snub him because they are awed by his success. "What's eatin' 'em?" cried Elvis. "I considered them my friends and now they won't even stop to pass the time of day." He's been unhappy, too, at the jealous, embittered young men who flood his draft board with letters, asking that he be called up for service.

Early in January Elvis passed his pre-induction physical examination—four days before his 22nd birthday. Whether he is drafted depends on several factors, the Army said, ranging from the draft board's quota to the number of Army volunteers in Memphis. In any case, the call cannot come for at least 21 days and normally wouldn't be likely for six months to a year—if then.

"When they want me I'm ready," Elvis says. "Certainly I'd like more time, the way things are goin' for me. There's a mighty big difference between \$12,500 a week and \$74 a month."

It seems impossible to be neutral or objective when discussing Elvis Presley and his performances. Historians of the future, studying this phenomenon, will probably find that no stage personality has evoked such scorn and wrath from the press, the church, civic leaders and many parents. At the same time probably no other entertainer has won such a hold and loyalty from teenagers.

But what hurts deeply religious Elvis most are the ministers who have spoken out against him. "I've kept every article written about me," Elvis says, "and some of them make me feel so bad I can hardly sleep. I shouldn't let it worry me. But I can't help it. What gets me really sore is the way they try to smear the kids who go for my stuff as delinquents. What's the matter with grown-ups today? What are they so scared of? Why do they get so upset whenever teenagers get a chance to express how they feel?"

"Reporters write that I eat ten hamburgers at a sitting or eight eggs for breakfast. 'Tain't so. I been criticized for buying Cadillacs. Well, if I've got the money, why shouldn't I? And people keep sayin' that my manager, Colonel Parker, has got a good thing in me. Sure he has. And I've got a good thing in him. We both make money. He knows how to drive a sharp bargain for me. And he works night and day."

Every facet of Elvis' life has been criticized. It's been noted that he has a well-developed eye for the girls. "I enjoy datin' more than anything," he'll tell you. "But I move around so fast I never get a chance to know any one girl really well. So I play the field."

Though Elvis doesn't mention it, he is well aware that marriage isn't for him at

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this stage of his career. Business-wise, an engaged or married Elvis Presley would cause general mourning among his worshippers. He is frightened, even, of going steady too long with any one girl. During his well-publicized romance with Natalie Wood, he was bombarded with letters begging him to give her up. So these days he is concentrating on a succession of girls—Dorothy Harmony, Jan Storey, Marilyn Evans and singer Monique Van Vooren who wangled an introduction to Elvis in New York and dated him here when she appeared at Mocambo.

Even with all his girls, Elvis Presley is not relaxed or at ease in Hollywood or New York. Still a country boy at heart, he's constantly on the defensive against slights, imagined or real. He has the ingrained suspicion of the Southerner for the Yankee and is fearful of being played for a sucker. Naturally, too, he's grown suspicious of the motives of others. "So many people want something from me," he told me. Life isn't easy for Elvis.

In America, where sudden and overwhelming success is not uncommon, Elvis Aron Presley's rise to glory and gold in less than two years is still an incredible saga. He is already a living legend, a true life example of the affirmation of the American dream.

But is he a happy, fulfilled young man? Sadly enough, the answer appears to be no. Forever on the defensive in Hollywood, he's still a country boy in an alien land, lonely, restless, overly-suspicious, victim of the most savage press a celebrity ever had, frightened of the future and determined not to go back to the past, robbed of a personal life—a boy who can't hide anywhere.

Has Elvis a right to sing the blues? According to those who know him best—"You bet he has!" **END**

Coming Attractions

continued from page 10

Wicked As They Come

WINNING a trip to Europe via a fixed beauty contest, Arlene Dahl has a peculiar notion of tourism. The only sights she's interested in are wealthy males. When her Cook's tour of society photographer Michael Goodliffe ends, and Goodliffe goes to jail because of her, Arlene opens her guide book to Herbert Marshall. Head of an advertising agency, Marshall gets Arlene a job, but that's about all. Married to his boss' daughter, Marshall would be fired if he became involved with Arlene. What would she want with a jobless has-been? Hm-m-m-m-m? So, she marries Marshall's boss. So, what good is money when she's later accused of murdering her husband. Fortunately for Arlene, there are a few men in London whom she hasn't gone through. One

continued on page 67

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Reviews of new discs by BOB CROSBY

UNDER one album cover bearing the title "In A Mellotone," RCA Victor has assembled a dozen jazz classics performed by **Duke Ellington** and his orchestra, circa 1940-42. It's a tribute to the Duke's greatness that, after 15 years, his music shows precious little sign of wear and tear. . . . A tribute to another jazz great has been put out on the Coral label. A "Salute to Tommy Dorsey" by the **Modernaires** covers 11 of his most popular numbers. It's a fitting and proper vocal bow to the sentimental gentleman. . . . **LeRoy Holmes'** M-G-M Records orchestra tackles the title song from the film "Anastasia," and backs it with "August Moon" vocalled by Shirley Yamaguchi. From White Russian Princess to Japanese nightingale, it's a happy combination. . . . A couple of musical highlights by the **Hi-Lites** on Mercury delve into the joys of going to college *au deux* ("The Next Four Years") and the sundry attractions of a femme fatale who's wired for sound ("The Girl With The Bells"). The boys do an excellent job of getting their collective point across. . . . If you don't dig calypso the most these days, mon, you are just nowhere. The latest toast to Trinidad is raised by **Enid Mosier** in a Columbia album titled "Hi-Fi Calypso, Etc." The "Etc." refers to some flights of non-Caribbean fancy. The Clarence Williams Trio lends six helping hands to the festivities.

Now that that noble symbol of young American manhood, "Li'l Abner," is indefinitely ensconced on the Broadway stage, we can rest easy and enjoy the doings in Dogpatch via wax. The Columbia album with **Edith Adams** and **Peter Palmer** and the rest of the original cast singing the Johnny Mercer-Gene de Paul songs is as invigorating as a barrelful of Kickapoo Joy Juice. . . . Dogpatch society gives way to Philadelphia Main Line aristocracy over in the Victor camp, where they've pressed **Ethel Merman** and cast running through the score of

"Happy Hunting." The happiest hunting was done by those who persuaded the monumental Miss Merman to return to the footlights. . . . That past master of the ballad, **Frank Sinatra**, shows that he can rock right up there with the best of them on his Capitol release, "Can I Steal A Little Love." The beat is a treat. The flip has Frankie in a more familiar vein, making with a vocal Valentine on "Your Love For Me."

John Bull's jazziest gentry—**Ted Heath** and his orchestra—go continent hopping. From the Latin standard, "Jungle Drums," to "Madagascar" with an African setting, it's a real swingin' safari (London). . . . Those two irrepressible exponents of the direct approach, **Sam (The Man) Taylor** and **Dick Hyman**, have once again paired their tenor sax and Hammond organ in a frontal assault on the standard, "I'll Get By," and a later entry, "Congo Mombo." The Taylor-Hyman forces settle for nothing less than unconditional surrender (M-G-M). . . . **Matt Dennis**, he of the marshmallow tonsils and the magic fingers, mixes a batch of originals and standards in his album, "Play Melancholy Baby," for Victor. Matt shows no favoritism, rendering the same exceptional treatment to his fellow composers' efforts as he does to his own. . . . Anyone for skiing? **Jo Stafford**, with Paul Weston's orchestra and the Norman Luboff Choir, heads for high country musically. Even non-devotees of the burnished barrel-stave will go for "Ski Trails" (Columbia). . . . **Les Paul** and **Mary Ford** rate a round of "Oles" for their etching of "Cinco Robles." On the flip side, Les is all by himself (with his five guitars) strumming through "Ro-Ro-Robinson" (Capitol). **END**

"The Bob Crosby Show" is seen Monday through Friday on the CBS-TV network from 3:30 to 4:00 p.m. EST.

Coming Attractions

continued from page 65

is Phil Carey. He comes tearing to the rescue not only with an explanation for the accidental shooting, but produces a tired old newspaper clipping which explains why Arlene has been so naughty around men. (Columbia.)

Mister Cory

TO GET to the Big Time from the slums, Tony Curtis has to go through the swinging doors of a country club kitchen. Working as a busboy with room and board plus tips and poker sessions, he manages to put a little something aside. All of it goes in a poker session with professional gambler Charles Bickford. Also, Curtis loses debutante Martha Hyer when she discovers he's a busboy. Well, ha-ha, nothing ventured, nothing gained. An Eastman color year or so later, Bickford has hired Curtis as a partner, and a Chicago mobster wants Curtis to front for a plush gambling casino. Horatio Alger would be positively livid with envy! Of course, Curtis gets everything, including a well-deserved bullet in the shoulder from Martha's rich but weak fiancé. The cops eventually close down the place just when Curtis gets to know his. On hand with band-aids and sympathy is Kathryn Grant, Martha's younger sister. Boy, if she ever married Curtis, those family reunions would be hilarious. (Universal-International.)

The Big Land

TEXAS cattleman Alan Ladd doesn't like what goes on in the cattle buying regions of Missouri. Being a man of action, he decides to build a cattle and wheat town in Kansas. It's so simple you wonder why someone hadn't thought of it before. Ladd's partner, Edmund O'Brien, helps build the town, but in protecting Ladd's interest, is murdered. That puts the clean-up job right where it should be—smack dab in Ladd's lean-hipped lap. Virginia Mayo's plunging necklines help relieve the flat WarnerColor scenery. (Warner Bros.)

Hot Summer Night

ANOTHER off-beat crime story that pulls all the stops in order to achieve its jangling effect. Held captive by a bank robber and his henchman, newspaperman Leslie Nielsen gets more than he bargained for story-wise. The hot Arkansas summer night gets hotter and hotter, as the psychopathic gunman takes over. His idea is to hold Nielsen for ransom. The reporter's wife, Colleen Miller, hasn't anything, so that leaves the newspaper. More than a saga on good vs. evil, this points out how emptiness in people or places can be filled with corruption. (MGM.) **END**



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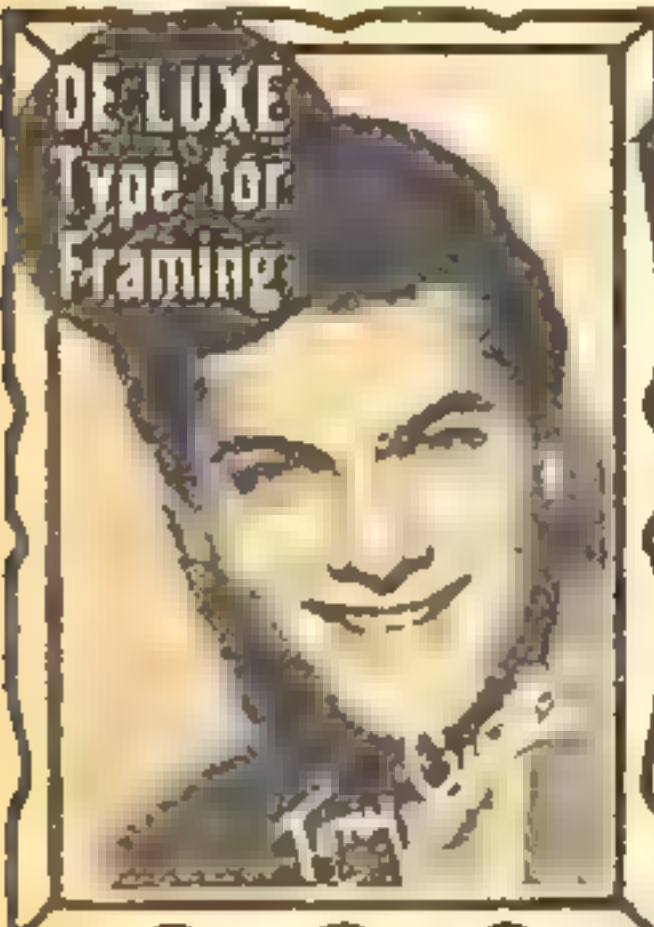
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Hollywood Lowdown

continued from page 8

ents from Arthur Loew, Jr., than she is in her "I don't want to marry anyone" statements. In our day, an accepted present was a prelude to a proposal.

The big success story of the year is Tab Hunter's big record sale for "First Love." It all started when a Dot record executive heard him hum a few bars. Maybe now Warner Bros. will put Tab in a musical, which he has always begged to do. It's a whole new career for Tab.

Dean Martin is furious with ex-partner Jerry Lewis for stating in a magazine that one of the reasons for the break-up was that Dean didn't want to work more than a few weeks a year. "Now that I'm on my own," Dean called to tell me, "I'll do at least two pictures a year, four television shows, and personal appearances in Las Vegas and London. Does that sound like a man who only wants to play golf?"... When Elvis Presley was asked to gyrate at the swank Cafe de Paris in London, his manager asked \$50,000 a week. After everyone came out of a faint, the answer was No.

Next time Joan Crawford makes a picture in England, she will live in the city. She teepeed in the country close by a river the last time (for "The Golden Virgin"—what a title!) and would wake up most mornings unable to see—the mosquitoes just lived off her cheeks and eyelids... Jack Dempsey wanted Brando to portray him on the screen. Too bad Marlon was so busy.

No one knows how close Dick Powell and June Allyson were last summer to separating. In fact, they were apart—before each realized how much they needed and wanted the other... Lucille Ball would like to sit back and let Desi Arnaz carry the work ball, and that's no pun. And you can bet that when and if the "I Love Lucy" rating declines, Lucille will love to stay home and be a housefrau only. Desi has proved himself a financial whiz with their Desilu company.

Now it's William Holden who wants to sell his home here and headquarter in the East. Bill has the travel bug very badly. And it's easier to go places from New York or Connecticut... Montgomery Clift seems to have recovered from whatever ailed him. I think it was a case of working too hard. I hope he takes it easy. Too good an actor to stay away from the screen... Jennifer Jones, all excited about her career again, has a physical instructor come to her home for one hour a day.

Richard "Robin Hood" Greene and Pat Medina should have remarried by the time you read this. When last heard from, they were both "thinking it over." They divorced in '52... Cruel review for Clark Gable's "A King And Four Queens" in a London paper. It ended with, "What about acting your age, partner? Be someone's young granddad for a change." Ouch, and again ouch... And that's all from Hollywood. **END**



"AUNTIE MAME"—Rosalind Russell as she appears in the Broadway hit based on the best-seller of the same name. It is now on sale in the 25c Popular Library pocket-sized edition.

"I'm Married To Three Men!"

continued from page 17

and very eager. He had never, actually, realized that he had so many things to give. His verve, his excitement over experiences, his thrills over learning . . . and also his evaluations of what he had already learned. It was good for Tony to find that he had so much to offer and that it was so appreciated. He had been humble for too long.

"And then, while we were in Paris, I discovered that I was pregnant with Kelly. That did something still more important to Tony. He suddenly became, in the truer meaning of the word than ever before, 'The head of the family.'

"Up until then I had been the one who attended to most of the details. You know, ordering breakfast, telling the maids about the laundry, taking telephone messages. Suddenly Tony didn't want me to do anything.

"It was he who sent the telegrams to our families and press representatives about our good news. It was Tony who attended to all the details of booking passages and seeing to it that things were packed to go home. I had never felt so pampered in my life. . . . Did I love it!

"But, you know, I think Tony loved it still more, that sense of responsibility, the feeling of importance it gave him.

"And perhaps it was about then," she mused, "that he began to think seriously about money. He never had, you know. He had felt inexperienced and inadequate. He had a business manager who would keep him, he was sure, from going bankrupt and he simply didn't want to know any more than that about money. He loved having charge accounts and buying suits or presents for me or recordings or stuff for his hobbies without ever even looking at the amounts he was spending.

"Now suddenly, with his new sense of responsibility, his participation in what was really a big producing deal, Tony became conscious of money and what it could mean to us.

"So now I see my businessman-husband going off as regularly as clockwork to meetings every Monday morning at his Hollywood office! I hear him talking about story properties he has bought or is considering and I realize that he is really being serious and very astute about all this. And I am so proud.

"Five minutes after he gets home I see him kicking a football around the garden with the kids from next door or inviting them all in to look at his model airplanes and I realize that I still have my playboy-hobbyist husband after all. And I'm glad about that. I certainly wouldn't want to lose that side of him to something drab and serious and dull. I want Tony to keep his liveliness and color. That's the Tony

continued on page 72



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70

Egghead With Oomph

continued from page 53

heartthrob. I don't like romantic roles; I just want to earn a buck. As a matter of fact, I don't even like acting; I consider acting a part-time job."

But then Brynner admits that he has always rated high in insubordination, even when he was a TV director. "I guess I made life miserable for many a man in a gray flannel suit," Yul says now. "Time after time they tried to fire me—I was making more money than most of the executives—but I always managed to bring in results, so they had to put up with me."

Modesty is not one of Mr. Brynner's many virtues, but as a man close to him once said, "With his success, who needs it?" There is no denying that Yul is an unusually vital man, bursting with energy and curiosity, pugnacious, restless, a breaker of rules, a complete original.

One of his friends, Jean Negulesco, the Hollywood director, maintains that Yul can't do anything without making a profession of it; and it is true that Yul works at his manifold hobbies with furious enthusiasm. He is so skilled an amateur photographer that he could probably earn his living at it; he has made jumps of 85 feet water skiing, as against the world record of 125 feet; he designs and builds modern furniture; plays Scrabble as though he invented the game. He can also issue commands like a top sergeant.

In many ways Yul is what is known in Filmtown as a press agent's dream, largely because of his color-splashed and somewhat mysterious past. Yet Yul himself is not inclined to stand still for any invasion of what he considers his private life. He has been married since 1943 to Virginia Gilmore, a former stage and screen actress. They have a ten-year-old son, Yul, Jr., nicknamed Rocky. Recent reports have it that Yul and his wife have reached an agreement to live mostly apart, but Yul will not discuss this, either.

"How I brush my teeth or what goes on in my family is none of the public's business," Brynner says. "If the public's interested in me, let it buy tickets."

As to whether he sleeps in the bottoms or the tops of his pajamas, fully-clothed or raw, Yul explodes at the very idea. "Are magazine readers planning to sleep with me?" he asks. "I don't see any reason for revealing anything about my sleep habits, and I don't have to sleep with the press."

Back in 1951 Brynner told a New York magazine writer that he was born in 1915 on Sakhalin, an island off the coast of Japan, the son of a Romany *tzigane*, or gypsy, mother and a Swiss citizen of Mongolian descent. Today he reports the same biographical facts—except he now claims the year of his birth as 1920. These changes in detail leave his friends

skeptical but affectionate. "I've heard a dozen versions of his life story," said one friend, "and they all came from Yul."

At any rate, the current version of the Brynner saga is this:

Brynner's father, Boris, was born in Switzerland, attained Swiss citizenship and studied mining engineering at the University of St. Petersburg. Later the elder Brynner adopted the name of Brynner, a fairly common Swiss one, substituting it for his Mongolian name, Taidje Khan. His mother's name was Maria Blagovidova. Yul maintains that his mother died when he was born, but Yul's own sister, Vera Brynner Raymond, has said that their mother did not pass away until some years later.

YUL does say that he spent his first eight years in China, where Papa Brynner owned lead and silver mines and an import-export business. Towards the end of his eighth year, Yul's maternal grandmother took him with her to Europe; she died not long after their arrival. Yul is loath to talk about the next five years of his life because, as he claims, "Some people who were supposed to do right by me let me down, and I want to forget about it."

Yul spent part of his early teens in a boarding school outside Paris, but at thirteen he packed up his guitar (his gypsy grandmother had taught him to play it) and ran off to see—and conquer—the world.

One evening in Paris he stationed himself outside a night club in the Montmartre section, struck a chord on his guitar and boldly began to sing some of his grandmother's *tzigane* ballads. A friendly passerby handed the youngster a 50-franc note ("Probably wanted me to stop playing," Yul says now) and afterwards, a group of gypsies working at the night club, offered him a job.

A bistro near the Cirque d'Hiver—the famed indoor circus—was a gathering place for the gypsies, and it was also a favorite with the Cirque's acrobats. One day some high-flyers or aerialists kiddingly asked the 14-year-old Brynner if he had ever done any trapeze flying. Yul brashly retorted that he had indeed. The acrobats invited Yul to try a few trapeze routines with them.

"I pretended to be an old hand, but of course I was bluffing," Yul recalls now. "They took me into the troupe, anyway, and gave me some training. That period was probably the happiest time of my whole life."

Yul's career as an aerialist continued for about three years. He and the troupe toured Italy, Switzerland and France, and Yul loved every moment of it. Then one day, while rehearsing his act, he jumped



YUL Brynner and his wife, the former Virginie Gilmore. They're parents of a 10-year-old son.

into a net that had not been properly braced, and was hurled onto a set of parallel bars, suffering, he says, some 47 fractures on his left side: in the shoulder, arm, fingers and legs. When, weeks later, the casts were taken off, the doctors told him there'd be no more trapeze flying.

But Yul found that he could at least walk when he left the hospital, and he set out to confound the doctors by again leading a very active life. Winters he became a circus clown, to support himself, and summers he took a job as a lifeguard. He learned to play jai-alai so well that he became a pro, even though he hated it.

It was about this time that the theatre attracted Yul. A White Russian couple named Georges and Ludmilla Piteoff had a celebrated repertory company around 1934, featuring the plays of Shaw and Ibsen, as well as Russian and French classics. Now Yul knew what he wanted to be—not merely an actor, but a director as well. He worked with the Piteoffs as an unpaid apprentice, learning not only acting but also how to be a stagehand, scene-painter, carpenter, costume designer, stage manager and property builder. During his spare time in Paris he pursued his studies at the Sorbonne. When war came he volunteered for the French army, but was rejected because of the injury to his shoulder in the circus accident.

In 1941, Yul came to the United States and broke into show business with a struggling Shakespearean troupe headed by the late Michael Chekhov. The group played mostly one-night stands and traveled via bus. Yul drove the bus and also slept in it. His salary was \$25 a week. He also acted in roles in which he had few lines to speak, for in those days his English was still uncertain.

Today, of course, Brynner's English is flawless, except for a faint accent. (He's become an American citizen.) His command of languages is said to be superb.

Brynner credits Mary Martin for his first break in the New York theatre. Miss Martin had seen him in a show and decided that Yul was just the man she was

looking for to play opposite her in a new play, "The Lute Song." She was right; the play was a smash success, in London as well as in New York. Later, after Yul had been working for some time as a television director, Miss Martin again remembered him. She knew that Rodgers and Hammerstein had bought the stage rights to the book "Anna And The King Of Siam," and were going to make a musical of it. Recalling Yul's brilliant performance in "Lute Song," she called on Rodgers and insisted that Brynner would be perfect as the king. He was.

Yul today, with "The Ten Commandments," "The King And I" and "Anastasia" behind him, and Paramount's "The Buccaneer" coming up, is definitely a new kind of movie star. His shaven pate, the electricity he discharges with his slightest movement, have made him the newest romantic male sensation. Whatever sex appeal is, this egg-bald panther of a man has it. He grows on you; I know.

Yul sometimes carries over his Siamese King brusqueness into his attitude towards people whom he does not know well, yet he has been able to win the respect and affection of the feminine stars who have worked with him. Deborah Kerr has said, "Yul helped me so much, taught me so much. I'll forever be his slave." Ingrid Bergman admired him and was amused by him. Another Brynner fan is Terry Saunders, the Brooklyn girl who played Lady Thiang, the royal number-one wife in both the stage and screen versions of "The King And I."

"YUL," said Terry, "is not only a great craftsman, but a great human being. There's a 12-year-old Filipino boy in the picture named Patrick Adiarte whose father died in a Japanese concentration camp. He was only six or seven when he joined us in the play, and Yul practically raised him, teaching him acting and grooming him for the crown prince's part. It was at Yul's insistence that Patrick got the part in the picture.

"He has a genius for handling people, getting things out of them they never knew they had. I truly think he could make one of the finest directors the movies ever saw."

That, of course, lies in the future. Right now Hollywood is sure of one thing—that Mr. Yul Brynner, hairless skull and all, probably has more of that old sex appeal than a baker's two dozen of the younger, fully-haired boys. A certain top Filmtown biggie knows this to be true.

The studio executive was chatting with a cluster of Hollywood lady stars following the first sneak preview of "The King And I." "This Brynner looks terrific," said the executive. "Women will be crazy about him."

"Will be?" chorused the lovelies around him. "Are, darling; are. How soon can we have his phone number?" **END**

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"I'm Married To Three Men"

continued from page 69

I married, after all. These new facets are just additions to the original, however interesting and exciting I find them.

"Then—I am happy again and touched when Tony comes home from the studio and has his 'special time' with Kelly. That 'special time' means that he takes her in his arms, walks around the house and garden with her, talking to her very earnestly. He says he is 'explaining life' to her, telling her about the plants and birds they are seeing, and he insists that she is beginning to understand him very well. Perhaps she is. I wouldn't know. But this is a lovely thing, this 'special time' that Tony spends with his daughter and I want never, never to disturb it.

"Tony's new role as 'head of the house' has taken some other amusing turns.

"We have, as you know, bought a new home (especially for Kelly) and we are in the throes of doing things to it, as people always do to new houses. So, the other day, there were the painters and plasterers and bricklayers for the new addition we are making and what do I hear? I hear my spouse saying, 'Well, that's all right for now, I'm sure. But don't you think that about two years from now we should . . . ??? Don't you think that will be a sound idea?'

"Two years from now he is talking about—and the present job not half finished! But this is our first home-of-our-own and Tony's ideas about it stretch into a limitless future. This, believe me, is a different man from the one a year or two ago who merely looked, with vague

annoyance at the first-of-the-month bills. Here is a man with a plan.

"Now, of course, I think that the actual running of the house is my job and that Tony shouldn't have to be bothered with any of it. But he is beginning to want to have a hand in it and I think it's wonderful that this should give him so much pleasure.

"So when the Fuller Brush man came the other day and Tony invited him in and inspected all his wares with great earnestness, I didn't say a word. But I had to leave the room to keep from giggling when I saw how entranced Tony was with all those lovely, labor-saving devices, most of which he had never seen or even dreamed of before.

"Well, you know how Tony loves gadgets so you won't be any more un-surprised than I was when I tell you that he bought scads of the things, practically the whole list. And I didn't tell him and hope you won't, either, that we already had duplicates of nearly everything he bought! He was being 'the man of the house' and I wouldn't have spoiled it for anything. Besides, we can always use those things.

"So there are my 'three husbands'—the fascinating playboy, the enthusiastic hobbyist I married—and the new one who is a combination of artist, businessman and serious head of the house. They make a wonderful trio but I must confess that I keep watching Tony with great interest, wondering what new characteristics will appear! Life is certainly never one bit dull with Tony around! **END**

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Hollywood Love Life

continued from page 13

gallant! There's no telling, he may even bring hand-kissing back in style.

FAMILY NOTE—Rock Hudson had just convinced his father and mother-in-law that California was the place to live when the weather goofed. The Gates, here on a 10-day vacation from their home in Montevideo, Minnesota, were slated to join Rock on his San Diego location for "Pylon." "We had to call it off," Hudson winced, "when a heavy 'fog' washed away the sets."

SINGING BACHELORS—*The talent scouts are beating the Hollywoods for young singing talent. They want to appeal particularly to the teenagers, so they're raiding the bachelor ranks. Among those cutting disks are Bob Wagner, Tab Hunter and Hugh "Wyatt Earp" O'Brien.*

ATTENTION, GIRLS!—Seventeen year old Pat Wayne, John's son, doesn't have a steady date. He's been too busy keeping up his A average at Loyola High

School to develop a crush on any member of the opposite sex. But, come June, Pat will graduate. Besides socializing, he'll spend the summer starring in C. V. Whitney's "The Valiant Virginians." This role is part of his \$10,000 a year film deal. He draws \$200 a week when not working, \$400 when before the cameras, which leaves him plenty of soda-spending money.

SO HAPPY—*Marisa Pavan and Jean Pierre Aumont have decided that the June heir-rival will be born in the U. S. They return from Paris in April, so the baby will be a Hollywood native. Marisa, once a confirmed career girl, is now one of the happiest mothers-to-be, and both she and Jean hope it's a boy.*

NO CHANGE—Jane Russell, who went platinum from her tresses to her fingernails for her role in "The Fuzzy Pink Nightgown," wanted to stay that way in private life, but her ever-lovin' Bob Waterfield put his foot down. **END**



MARISA Pavan and Jean Pierre Aumont attend premiere. They're expecting in June.

beside Miss Shaw. Schurr was speaking only of the role of Duchin's (Tyrone Power) second wife in the picture, and what he meant was that he thought Victoria was what Columbia had been looking for all along. Right, too. In jig-time, that marvelous convenience of narrative journalism, he had Miss Shaw in the Columbia executive suite, and in semi-jig-time anyway, she was sloughing around Louisville, Ky., signing her name and beaming at the press.

To call the roll once more and once more only, Jeanette Ann Lavina Mary Elizabeth Elphick is the third of four children of Captain and Mrs. (Mineta) Francis W. Elphick, of Sydney. That "Captain" is an army rank. Victoria grew up on army posts, which is where she learned to bushwhack kangaroos (don't get too close, they'll clobber you); moused around in office work for a while, then became a model.

Lambs weren't shaking their tails that season, but if they had been, Victoria would have been a public figure before one could even revv his motor. She was Australian Artists' Model of the Year in 1951, Photographers' choice in 1952, and a film leading lady in 1953. Nothing to it, as you can see. Then along came Hope.

There have been several peculiar versions of this little distraction, but none with as much warmth as that attributed by Victoria to her obviously wonderful mother. Mrs. Elphick had been advised by a conceivably malicious neighbor that Victoria's American success was due as much to Hope's influence as it was to talent. She let it pass.

But in time, Mrs. Elphick received from her daughter a letter written while on tour—from an Eastern United States hotel whose conceit it was to allot to its Presidential Suite its own letterhead stationery. In short, Victoria was writing from the presidential suite of Hotel So-and-So.

"I wish," Mrs. Elphick wrote back to her, "Mrs. Nosey would call me up again. Now I could tell her about political influence that is political influence!"

Now aren't you glad you've met Miss Shaw? You'll do so again, all right, all right. You can count on it. **END**

What's In A Name?

continued from page 39

cipally because it contains a quite meaty answer. It also poises us on the threshold of our introduction to Miss Shaw, as tasty a dish as Australia has sent us since Merle Oberon and the Davis Cup team of Rosewall and Hoad.

Miss Shaw didn't *happen* to come to America. She came on purpose, and right to Hollywood, with some idea of getting into pictures. She'd been a famed model in Australia, where models are very famed indeed. She was known as The Face, she'd had some limited picture experience, she had shot kangaroos in the backcountry, she had spent a childhood mugging before mirrors after seeing movies, and she knew what she wanted.

Enters now the name and person of Bob Hope, who was planning to do a few shows Down Under and wanted a fashion parade for one of the numbers. Victoria, naturally enough, was among those chosen. She didn't get especially close to Hope, or nowhere near as chummy as friends with daggers later were to sniff, but she did get to do a favor for Mack Millar, Hope's personal publicist. She helped him with his gift-shopping. So Millar said, as everyone in Hollywood always says when they're off base, don't forget to look me up if you're ever there. And Victoria said she sure would.

These things usually die a-borning, but not where girls named Victoria Shaw are

concerned. In possession of a small bundle of loot, she by-and-by just upped and flew to Hollywood, giving herself a limited number of weeks to shake the town to pieces. Then all of a sudden, it didn't look so easy. Climbing down from the plane at the Los Angeles International Airport, she noted that most of the gentlemen wore denims and T-shirts and most of the ladies neither gloves nor stockings. Victoria, who to this day would not be caught on her way out of a burning building without gloves or stockings, shuddered and started up the ramp again. All seemed a trifle barbaric. But she steeled herself and climbed back down and taxied to a downtown hotel. Here she holed in like a gopher for two days, unable to go so far as the street. Then she decided this was ridiculous and phoned Mr. Millar.

Well now, Mr. Millar is not only an amiable sort but one with an elephantine memory and an eye for beauty. He said he certainly remembered her and hoped she was as hungry as he was because how about lunch? From lunch, he took her to see Louis Schurr, Hope's agent, who took a look at her and screamed, "Chiquita!" Ah, yes, he did, that's *just* what he screamed.

Miss Shaw, who'd heard all about Hollywood agents, screamed back, "Victoria!" and prepared to leap out the window before she'd surrender even a handshake.

Cinderella, however, was a bush-leaguer

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SKY-BRITE BRA, 149 Madison Ave., New York

Net Your Man...



PUT MORE ALLURE INTO YOUR HAIRDO WITH **VENIDA**[®] HAIR NETS

● See how *captivating* an unruffled hairdo can be. Tomorrow morning, take ten seconds to put on a Venida Hair Net. Notice how smart and trim your hair looks all day long. How every wisp *stays put*, just as you first arranged it, without your "do" requiring a bit of attention or recomb.

Perfect color-blend, sheer invisibility, extraordinary wear—you get all these in Venida Guaranteed Hair Nets, plus the certainty of knowing Your Man will always see you at your *very best*.

Venida Hair Nets are Sold Everywhere

NYLON HAIR NETS, elastic edge, regular or French mesh. 10¢

HUMAN HAIR NETS, with or without elastic, all shapes and sizes. 20¢ and 25¢

BOB PINS, rubber tip, tension grip, can't catch or scratch. 10¢ and 25¢
190-pin economy size 50¢

SLEEPING BEAUTY SET-NETS, nylon tricot, lace edge. 39¢



Venida rules the waves![®]

Hair Beauty Products of

THE RIESER COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK 18